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IN THIS ISSUE

BRUCE BLIVEN
Reading from East to West

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Reviews "The Weather in the Streets" by Rosamond Lehmann

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
Seagulls Inland

PADRAIC COLUM
Reviews "Dramatis Personae" by W. B. Yeats

MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY
Reviews "Report of the Company" by Dudley Vaill Talcott

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

"Never grow old, she cried and cries; growing old is progressive disillusion" . . . *(See page 5)*

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Reading from East to West

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

BRUCE BLIVEN

THIS is still a big country, though it is getting smaller. From New York to Los Angeles is now only a fraction of a second by radio; overnight by the sleeper plane; within a few weeks it will be but fifty-five hours even by railway. But cultural communication still lags: one might argue that, at most, it is limited to the pace of the vehicle used by the majority—the ubiquitous low-priced automobile. Despite the fears of the pessimists who say that all Americans will soon resemble one another as much as so many tin cans of beer, there are still enormous regional differences: differences of speech and dress and social habit, differences in thought and attitude and tempo. The West, for example, is not merely the area where the salad is served before the entree, where a big cup of coffee with cream appears early in the meal, lunch is at twelve and dinner at six; it is also the region where everyone automatically and instinctively assumes that things are getting both bigger and better and that change is synonymous with improvement. The following casual notes on some of these regional differences are made by a journalist who has lived and worked in many parts of the country and repeatedly revisited all sections since his boyhood—which was spent in a pleasant New England village, inhabited largely by Scotch immigrants and Southerners, and situated in Iowa.

The first thing to note about the book-reading habits of the country is that, broadly speaking, there aren't any. It is a familiar story, of course, that most of the people read nothing but newspapers most of the time. Of daily journals about one and a quarter are published each day for every family in the country, while the ten best selling books of an average year will not, in the aggregate, equal one-fifteenth of the number of the families in which someone, at least, is able to read and write. If we turn from those best sellers that get spread abroad on every railroad newsstand, to the books published for that part of the population that is laughingly overestimated by calling it "the literate minority," you get down to a reading public that is microscopic in comparison with the radio audience (twenty million families), the movie audience (seventy million persons a week), or the readers of daily papers of whom there are at least eighty million.

Yet it is in this rarefied minority, the literate microcosm, that regionalism in literature exists. I have never been able to find any important difference between the arrays of popular books on the newsstands in Boston, Tampa, Kansas City, Los Angeles, or Seattle. There are, of course, a few minor exceptions: Wild West stories have always gone big in the cow country, where the cattle ranchers read with fascinated awe tales about themselves, written for the most part in a lingo they never heard spoken, and produced (or at least, such is the tradition) by elderly spinsters in Elizabeth, New Jersey. This tradition, I hasten to add, is a gross libel as regards the books of B. M. Bower, Bertrand Sinclair, and a few others. Detective stories, for reasons too complicated for this article, are a smash in Reno, Nevada, where the agitated divorçons are waiting to become divorcés and in such old peoples' sanitaria as St. Petersburg, Florida. When a book is produced dealing with the horrors of Chicago gangdom, consisting mostly of photographs of dead victims too dreadful to be printed even in that city's robust daily press, the volume sells most widely in, of all places, Chicago. But these are exceptions to the general rule. Just as there are hardly any differences in the ratings of radio entertainers between one part of the country and another, so the book that is a popular success in Boston is quite likely to be the same in New Orleans and Butte.

For that matter, the same thing is true in the majority of cases of the books read by the "intellectuals"—that minority of a minority which, as I have said, in relation to the popular audience practically doesn't exist at all. People from New York who don't get around a great deal are forever being amazed to find how intelligent and how literate, broadly speaking, is the group with whom they are brought into contact in any small city in any part of the country. (An exception is perhaps the Deep South, which is literate, too, but in its own peculiar way.) My own experience, which is fairly extensive, is that the people who "keep up" in the average American city or town do so much more completely than does the New Yorker whom they often envy because of his opportunities in this very field. Perhaps because they have more time, or perhaps in the effort to compensate for the last remnants of a feeling of parochialism, they do much better at reading the newest book while it is still new, at devouring the con-

Next Week

MODERN POETRY
By ELIZABETH DREW

THE DOCTOR
By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Reviewed by Logan Clendening, M.D.

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tents of *The New Yorker* (and, in the old days, *Vanity Fair*), at faithfully following O. O. McIntyre, Walter Winchell, Sidney Skolsky, and their ilk than this New Yorker, for one, would ever dream of doing. My standard experience at a dinner party in Kalamazoo, Kankakee, or Keokuk is to answer a series of questions, all beginning "Have you read?" or "Have you seen?" with repeated more and more lugubrious "no's" until I am denounced for an impostor and thrown out on my head.

So far as I know, indeed, the one real difference between the culture of New York, in general, and the culture of the best ten percent of the middle class anywhere else is that the New Yorker has no local pride. It is often argued that this comes from the fact that nearly all New Yorkers in the group now under discussion come from somewhere else; but this theory seems to me nonsense for at least two reasons: first, it is just as true of one born in the metropolis, and second, the transplanted outlander does not continue his allegiance to any other community. Abuse New York to a resident of the town, and he will nod enthusiastic assent, adding a few insults that you had not thought of. Abuse any other town in the whole country, to one or more of its inhabitants, and you will get the frozen smile of politeness which says, "This fool is a stranger in our midst and hospitality requires that we should not tear him limb from torso as he so richly deserves." Such community loyalty is of course in part just a racket of the real estate men, who get the biggest profit, and sometimes the only one, from boosterism; but in part it is man's normal and rather pathetic instinct to join something and defend it—a club, a college, the I. W. W., or Zenith City. For many years I have been wandering around the country and from time to time writing articles reporting social, political, and economic developments in one section or another. Almost always, such an article draws forth two or three furious letters, mostly anonymous, from people who say in effect: "If you didn't like our town, why haven't you the common decency to keep your mouth shut?" The next result is denunciatory editorials in the local newspapers freely misquoting the article (which it is safe to say very few of their readers will have seen) and pointing out how much better and fairer is the picture of the community drawn in the official booklet of the local Chamber of Commerce.

I mention all this because it has a direct bearing on the attitude of various sections toward an interesting new development (like most things of this sort, it is not quite so new as it seems at first glance): the rise of parochial culture in this country. Within the last two decades we have had a surprising growth in regional self-consciousness in many areas. One of its important beginnings has been the Little Theatre movement, despite all the fun poked at it, much of which was well deserved. This movement gave encouragement to a certain number of playwrights, stage designers, and actors, most of whom presumably would have achieved some degree of success even without it. It did further, however, implant in many minds the realization that Texas, for instance, had an interesting history of its own, colorful, romantic, and significant; that people could be successful in the arts while dealing with Texas subject matter and perhaps without ever leaving the ample boundaries of that state.

Allied with this is the development of local book publishing enterprises in several states. Nearly always, these specialize in printing the books of local authors dealing with the history, the romantic present, the flora, fauna, or geology of the region. They help to make the people of Idaho or New Mexico more conscious of themselves and their locality; and—in the West particularly—they offer a useful antidote to the incessant boosting of the real-estate men and their Chamber of Commerce allies.

To be sure, the influence of these local writing and publishing groups is mostly at second hand. I haven't looked up the statistics and don't intend to, but I am pretty sure that the sale of, let us say for example, New Mexican books to New Mexicans is nothing to get greatly excited about. The strictures uttered above in regard to the reading habits of the general population hold good in these instances. An author living on the next street in your very community is a natural phenomenon, to be mentioned with pride (unless, of course, you suspect him of Making Fun of His Own Town) and to be pointed out to visitors, like Lovers' Leap and the new boulevard system; but his writings are certainly not to be bought and probably not even to be rented from the lending library. Books written locally and dealing with local subjects are sold to the literate minority, already mentioned; and in some areas and if their subject matter is appropriate, to tourists or to specialists in the subject discussed. Nevertheless, this sort of regional culture is important, and becoming more so. Those interested in it are the people who set the intellectual pace in their communities, and the number of those who absorb its ideas at second hand is probably a hundred times larger than those who could be identified and catalogued as participating in its activities. Such regionalism is already something of an offset, and may become a greater one, to the standardizing pressure of the radio, the talking movie, syndicated journalism, and the women's magazines.

As might be expected, the literate minority in one area differs greatly from its "opposite number" in another, even though both groups are subjected to almost identical intellectual influences. The South, as everyone knows, is the part of

(*Continued on page* 14)

Seagulls Inland

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I DID not know that such a thing could be,
Or that I should come so upon the sea
Far from the coast, in dry and drifted snow,
On fields the plows had tamed long years ago.
I came along the road, and on each side
Suddenly the edging snow turned wide
Wings that swarmed up over me, cut clean,
Each pair of them had hot eyes in between,
And then I saw dark markings on the wings
And knew that these tremendous lovely things
Were seagulls, though I never on the seas
Saw gulls so large or white or close as these.

Maybe it was the Winter, maybe cold,
Maybe it was famine that had rolled
A lonely universe inshore upon the tame,
But there it was, and all the air flowed flame,
Cool flame, yet everlastingly alive.
The birds fell with beaks slanted in a dive,
They sent out sudden feet and stopped on air,
Reversing the rapt motion in each pair
Of wings, too quick to see it done with eyes.
I stood still, and Winter's empty skies
Rained a rain of seagulls down on me,
White birds whose eyes were made out of dark sea.

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Never Grow Old

THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS. By Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

YOU will probably remember the two Curtis girls in "Invitation to the Waltz." They flowed through the circumstance of being young and female—the smell of bath salts and Sunday mutton, the pins, the slang, the perfume, and all that—as transparently and volubly as running water. When it was all over, Kate had fallen in love for the first time, and Olivia had had an exciting conversation in a library. They were delightful, but they possessed no future; no future except the devouring wrinkle. We said goodbye to them with equanimity. As for the prose with which Miss Lehmann described them, I can only compare it to mother-of-pearl. Its surface was suffused with delicate color and the ghost of color, it occasionally returned a brilliant flash of light, it was all of a piece: it was also rather hard. But if pleasure is what a novel should provide, then "Invitation to the Waltz" did its duty. Personally, I loved it the first time, but I don't think it stands a second reading so well.

"The Weather in the Streets" is a very courageous book, for it introduces the Curtis family to the less magical light of 1935. The nymphs have departed and in their place stands Kate with a family of four, and Olivia with a marriage on the rocks. It is an earnest book, too: the mother-of-pearl prose has departed along with the nymphs. Or rather it has been crushed and dispersed, and its fragments glitter in scattered phrases and paragraphs all over acres and acres of utilitarian writing. Yes, Miss Lehmann is in deadly earnest. But then she was in deadly earnest when she wrote "Dusty Answer" and "A Note in Music," and she was in earnest then about exactly the same things as she is now. Never grow old, she cried and cries; growing old is progressive disillusion, and the wrinkles which devour the flesh devour the spirit as well. I really prefer Mr. Pitkin's familiar thesis, especially as Mr. Pitkin's thesis, in the realm of fiction, enjoys the support of a considerable number of eminent writers. It is prosaic, but there is space for imagination in it. Whereas Miss Lehmann is dragging a theme which belongs to lyric poetry into a region where lyric poetry cannot exist—that is, into daily life, where it is like a butterfly in a warehouse, and starves to death.

From the jacket of "The Weather in the Streets."

But if "The Weather in the Streets," according to this conception of fiction, is a failure, it is not necessarily a failure as a piece of writing. It is a sincere and skilful attempt to turn the world into a place where all mothers are too dominating, all husbands either dull or unfaithful, all love affairs doomed, and where all vital people die before forty if not earlier. Within its narrow and lamenting borders, everybody behaves quite naturally; the only unnatural thing is that they should all be there, *nem. con.* It is quite natural for Olivia Curtis to fall in love with Rollo Spencer (who has emerged for this purpose out of the library in the last book); it is inevitable that he should let her down: and the many stages in this process are described with fidelity and conviction. In other words, the book may not be valid fiction, but it is highly readable. And Miss Lehmann, more than any writer I know, can evoke the English scene. Give her two or three English country people in a drawing room, or wandering through a large house, and she can make you hear them and see them as no other writer can, she creates their behavior in the most triumphant manner. But what do they do with their behavior? They just grow old with it, and older, and older.

I am a confirmed admirer of Miss Lehmann's work and would rather read one of her failures than most of the successes of other people: and if she continues hereafter to lament the passing of youth, and to lay heavy odds against the chances of a mature passion, I shall continue to admire. But it's no use pretending that, if she does, she will ever write an important novel. When the flaming sword drove man out of paradise, it drove the novel out, too: it is experience of the present, not memory of the past, which finally counts in fiction. Miss Lehmann finds adult life, at best, merely endurable. She thinks innocence more beautiful than experience, which is a truth, but not a novelist's truth: and when novel writing is in question, we are clearly on different sides. She is on the side of the angels: I am on the side of Mr. Pitkin.

George Dangerfield is an Englishman by birth though he has for some years been resident in this country. He has been literary editor, publisher, and reviewer, and is the author of a study entitled, "The Strange Death of Liberal England."

T. H. HUXLEY: *by Ape. Courtesy of Putnam Bookstore Picture Shop.*

A Scientific Diary

T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE. *Edited from the unpublished MS by Julian Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

THIS year is the centennial anniversary of the voyage of the *Beagle* (1831-1836), famous because the wash of it revolutionized nineteenth century science, philosophy, and religion. But the waves set in motion by the *Beagle's* voyage ultimately acquired force only because they were supplemented in the personality of Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's publicist and defender. Darwin's discovery of evolution emerged into a *milieu* that was completely antagonistic to it. For two thousand years Christian theology had dominated the philosophy of the Western world; that the Victorians still believed in the literal interpretation of Genesis is less important for itself than as a signification that man had not yet outgrown the fables, demonology, and superstition of his prehistoric infancy.

Had he had to fight the battle alone, it may be questioned if Darwin could have defended his beliefs, much less convinced others, against the opposition of organized and unorganized tradition; he lacked the youth, the physical strength, and the moral courage (having been well disciplined in religion in his youth) to effect any great intellectual revolution. He was himself a little shocked to have man dragged into the evolutionary scheme. Left with him, one suspects, evolution would have become only a cabalistic lore, to be cherished secretly by scientists

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(even as is the case in some of our American states in 1936). So one may well wonder what would have happened to Darwin, and to science generally, had it not been for Huxley. It was the younger man, home only a few years from his voyage in the *Rattlesnake*, who came to the defense of the meeker, if greater, Darwin when the latter was condemned by the Bishop of Oxford; it was Huxley who cast aside Faith with the battle-cry, "give me evidence!" and actively attacked the story of Genesis, denied the evidential value of miracle and revelation, challenged the validity of dogma, and took the fundamentalist Gladstone to the mat over the unethical if miraculous affair of the Gaderene swine.

Whence came this agnostic, heretical warrior who had the courage to assault the clergy and the fables they had honored for some two thousand to four thousand years? What manner of man was he? . . . He, too, had gone on a voyage of exploration; in 1846, at the age of twenty-one, he had sailed as assistant-surgeon on the *Rattlesnake*, a voyage that was to last four years. The *Rattlesnake* was commissioned to chart channels, reefs, and currents off New Guinea, especially Torres Strait, and the great Barrier Reef that stretches one thousand miles long, between Australia and the Coral Sea. Inevitably, this voyage had had a profound influence upon his life; by it he had been turned from medicine and physiology to comparative anatomy, a field in which he subsequently achieved great distinction in his own right. Rather a tender youth at the beginning of the voyage, and a bit too fastidious for the East of 1850, he had hardened under discomfort and privation into a man who could think for himself, and was not afraid to speak.

That the adult, agnostic Huxley was foreshadowed in the youth who kept this diary on the *Rattlesnake* is indicated by an entry made on the outward voyage:

> Morals and religion are one wild whirl to me—of them the less said the better. In the region of the intellect alone can I find free and innocent play for such faculties as I possess—and it is well for me that my way of life allows me to get rid of the "malady of thought" in a course of action so suitable to my tastes as that laid open to me by this voyage.

The voyage was not, however, to be one entirely of physical action. In Sydney he fell in love, and his Journal is as much a love story as a story of adventure.

Strangely enough, this diary has remained unknown, to be discovered but recently among an unassorted mass of letters, laundry bills, and household account-books. It has been edited and supplemented by his grandson, Julian. The Diary of the *Rattlesnake* comes as a welcome illumination on the earlier and formative years of the man who has justly been called "The Prophet of Science." (Appreciation of the present book will be enhanced by reading Clarence Ayres's biography: "Huxley.")

Greenland Without Eskimos

REPORT OF THE COMPANY. By Dudley Vaill Talcott. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

TO read a book about Greenland which, in the course of some three hundred and fifty pages, devotes only a few paragraphs to the Eskimos, is so unusual as to be startling. However, Mr. Talcott's book cannot be judged by ordinary standards. It is far from ordinary and not in any sense of the word "just another story of the Frozen North." The Arctic, as the Arctic, seems to have held no particular interest for the owner of the Norwegian ketch *Norkap*. Early in his student days as a sculptor in Paris, he had "discovered" Norway and its people and had lost his heart to them. Each year, in an effort to get away from the increasing confusion of modern life, he made canoe trips along the Norwegian coast and among its many fiords, drinking in the beauty of the country and gradually losing his heart to the rugged, single-minded people. When a small legacy put him in the position to gratify his whim, he became part owner of a ketch rigged sealer, and determined to make a paying proposition of her.

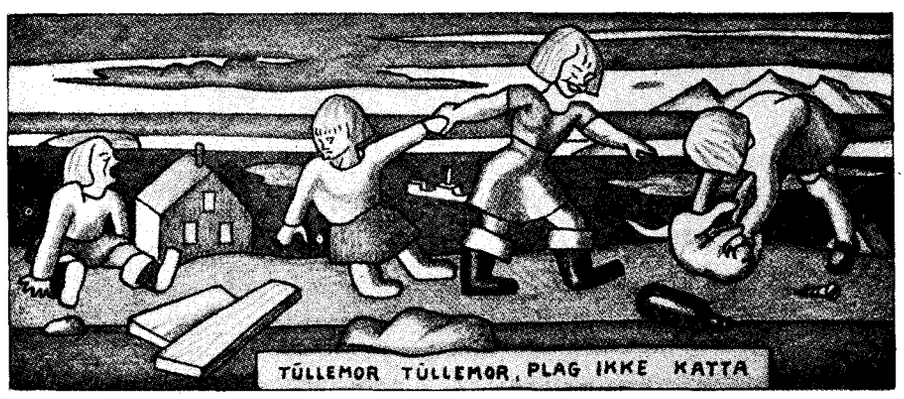
Most of her journeys were to the North and principally to the sparsely inhabited coast of East Greenland. Sometimes her trips were made for seals, sometimes for herring, and at least twice, rather disastrously, to take wealthy sportsmen after Arctic big game. Whatever the quest, Mr. Talcott describes it with a keen appreciation of the wild scenery, a never failing sense of humor, and an aptness of phrase and word which lingers in the memory.

He is particularly happy in his understanding and portrayal of the Norwegian seafaring characters. No one could read "Report of the Company" without experiencing a keen desire to know Captain Isaksen, the burly skipper of the *Norkap*. At the same time, it is doubtful if many will be tempted to repeat Mr. Talcott's trials and sad experiences in endeavoring to make money with a ship which is on the other side of the Atlantic, a skipper who, though efficient and honest, is not always sober, and a complicated legal system very different from our own. The story is told with great good humor and very little evidence of justifiable temper but it is easy to read between the lines that there were times when the author wished himself well out of the entire business. It is therefore comforting to know that in spite of all the upset calculations, in the end the *Norkap* is really making money for her long suffering owner.

One of the most fascinating features of the book are the illustrations, some of them photographs and some drawings by the author. The photographs are unusually well taken, bringing out to a high degree the beauty of the Norwegian and Greenland coasts as well as the daily activities about the ship. The drawings are in an individual style which lends itself remarkably to the humorous incidents which the artist has chosen to depict.

"Report of the Company" has so many excellent features that it will give pleasure to a wide variety of people. To one reader, at least, there were but two jarring notes—the unwarrantedly bitter attack on the distinguished Danish explorer, Lauge Koch, for attempting to justify Denmark's claims to Greenland over and above those of Norway; and the perfectly irrelevant discourse on the absurdity of emotional restraint, vividly illustrated by a rather sordid experience of the author.

Marie Ahnighito Peary, daughter of the discoverer of the North Pole, has written children's books on the Arctic.



DRAWINGS BY DUDLEY VAILL TALCOTT, *from "Report of the Company."*

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Yeats Looks Back

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

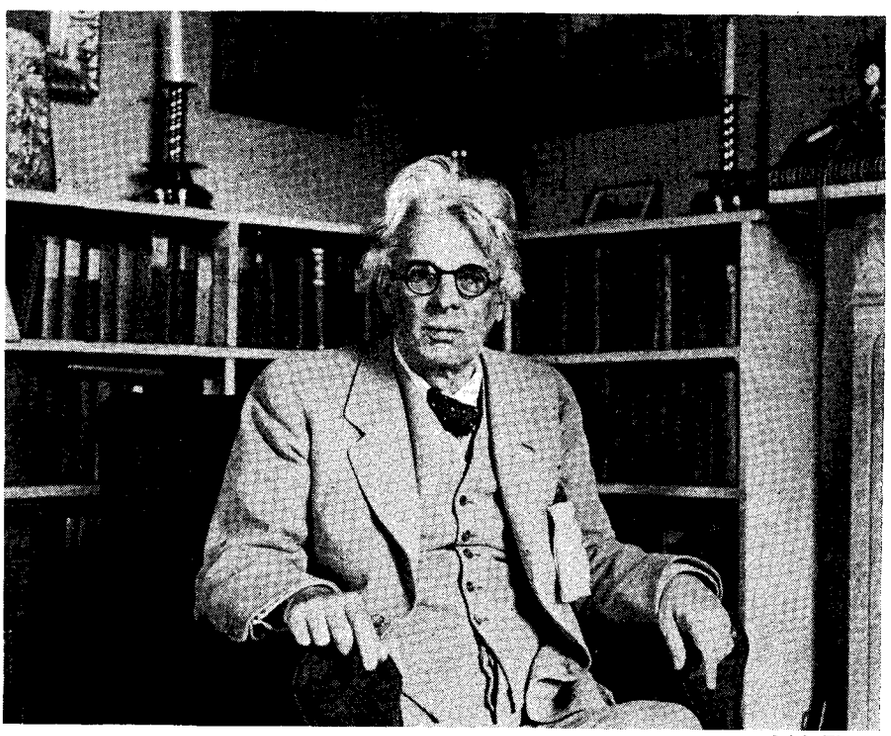
Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

W. B. YEATS'S prose—I am speaking now of his intellectual statements, of the memoirs he publishes from time to time, not of his sketches and stories and early literary essays—has been a disappointment to his admirers, not because it is faulty as writing, but because it is oddly meagre. These memoirs, no matter what title he gives a particular volume, are a comment upon his own work, and, like most comment, they are dry. The tone of the writer's voice is essential in prose: the tone of Yeats's voice is here, but it is his lecturer's voice. In "Dramatis Personæ" he is giving an account of his work, his friendships, and his enmities, with some of his reveries, from a platform, and we feel that placed as he is there is no chance for the revelation of anything else except his public or semi-public life.

The title of the present volume suggests that the writer is going to tell us about people who had part in the drama of his life. The period put before us is a salient one. It is between 1896 and 1902 when the Irish Theatre was being founded and other cultural movements that have created the Ireland of today were beginning; there is a sort of appendix, "The Bounty of Sweden," which was produced by a more recent event. The men and women who are brought on the stage are Edward Martyn, Lady Gregory, George Moore, J. M. Synge, with Douglas Hyde and Standish O'Grady who are given walk-on parts. Synge is hero and Lady Gregory is heroine amongst the Dramatis Personæ. But even in his treatment of these leading characters we feel a disappointment. Yeats writes of Lady Gregory and Synge as a partisan would: he is determined to make the world recognize their virtue. And we do recognize it; we are heartily with him in everything, or in nearly everything, he says about them. Still we feel that he could present them as he does without feeling a great love for either of them; we get nothing of the flow of the blood or the beat of the heart when he speaks of Lady Gregory or J. M. Synge; what we are given is sympathy for admired and helpful colleagues.

Indeed, we are led to think that Lady Gregory and J. M. Synge were interesting to him because they represented attitudes that the poet wanted to make part of his life—opposite attitudes: the unconsciousness of Synge, the sense of duty that Lady Gregory had and that Yeats thinks had a feudal background. Of Synge he says, "He was the only man I have ever known incapable of a political thought or of a humanitarian impulse." And of Lady Gregory he writes, "She was a type that only the superficial observer could identify with Victorian earnestness, for her point of view was founded, not on any modern habit but upon her sense of great literature, upon her own strange feudal, almost medieval youth." One side of Yeats would like to act with Synge's unconsciousness and another part of him would like to dwell in a great historic house where he "would think like a wise man, but express himself like the common people."

The book has a villain, and that villain is George Moore. Now George Moore committed an offense when he made Yeats and Lady Gregory in "Hail and Farewell" comedy figures. But what can Yeats or anybody else do about that now? "Hail and Farewell" exists in its own right; its historic justice or reality is something that readers of the future will trouble themselves very little about. Yeats's counter-attack in "Dramatis Personæ" does not show good generalship. He does not attempt to outflank the gigantic line of "Hail and Farewell"—instead he attacks a little salient and the attack is not very well organized. He informs us that George Moore was not really an aristocrat, that he had a coarse palate, that he didn't know French accurately. Now George Moore was really an aristocrat though he was not Yeats's idea of one. Yeats has always confounded the courtier with the aristocrat, and his ideal of the aristocratic life was that of the court of Urbino under its learned Duchess. But the real aristocrats of the place and time fought and hunted and drank and made love quite oblivious of the Duchess and her court. George Moore would not have been at home in Urbino, but he had the virtues of the aristocrat—disinterestedness (at times), courage, generosity, even magnanimity, and a courtesy that Yeats, in spite of all his ceremoniousness, has never attained to, a courtesy founded on a forgetfulness (occasional) of himself. Moore, however, was spoiled by the literary life, and besides he was foolish, malicious, and ignorant. But Yeats makes too much of George Moore's ignorance, and he is not really the man to establish it. In a novel of the thirteenth century, Yeats tells us, Moore makes his hero attend salons in Paris. Moore does, and it is certainly a howler. But Yeats tells us, too, that in his last novel, the scene of which is laid in Homeric Greece, Moore makes his people read books. Now George Moore's last novel was not about Homeric Greece, it was about Periclean Greece, and people did read books at the time. And what about a sentence of this kind that occurs in "Dramatis Personæ"? "Was not the Bhavagad Gita the 'scenario' from which the Gospels were made?" It is not George Moore who writes this, but William Butler Yeats: he assumes that the Bhavagad Gita was composed before the Gospels, but it wasn't. All I want to say is that imaginative writers who want to manipulate the facts of cultural history had better leave each other alone. This review reads as if "Dramatis Personæ" was not an important book. But it is important as every book that Yeats writes is important; it reveals the mind of a man for whom the things of the mind were the main things; it is a purification to read such a book in the present age.



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS *Irish Times*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Prizes

DO literary prizes accomplish anything, when all is said? Authors who get them cannot be expected to share this skepticism, but plenty of readers, some publishers, and a good many writers are dubious as to their real value, either for art or society. We are doubtful ourselves as to what the battery of prizes now available for American writers has actually accomplished, but we do not doubt its potential usefulness—and for definite reasons.

It has often been noted that an equivalent of our modern system of cash fellowships, prizes, and subventions began to flourish in the Roman civilization at just the time when classic literature was declining into stereotype and imitation. But those who use this as an argument by analogy join together the wrong cause and effect. Writers were subsidized in the later Roman empire for precisely the same set of reasons that prevails today. The classic world had become an intricate mass civilization where it was no longer possible for a poet or essayist to live by farming or soldiering or the support of his chief. Costs for the civilized man had gone up. In order to keep his place in the educated world he needed more than oil and lentils. But this was the least of the good reasons for subsidizing his work. Literature is the great educator. Good literature is indispensable to a civilized state. Augustus may have been the first, but was not the last, to realize that society has a stake in the standards of its writers.

We are in a like world today, a mass world where everyone can read, but few can read well;—a society which rewards immensely those who can satisfy the desires of the masses, but has itself become so complex and so expensive that its original thinkers, its pioneers in the creative imagination, its makers of the best for the best, can have little assurance of adequate financial support while they are alive and need it.

The story of what a competent novelist or poet or essayist, whose work is too meaty for the masses, too intricate for the movies, too specialized for even general literate consumption, can expect per annum by way of income has been too often told to need repetition. Even without prizes, subventions, fellowships, it is still probable that the genius will break through and make his way. Indeed, it is possible that too much financing, as in the case of Finley Peter Dunne, may put the brakes on creative talent. Nevertheless, that favorable literary climate out of which important literature comes is not the east wind of hunger and worry, or the south wind of lowered ambition which softly pushes toward more profitable careers.

But there has been perhaps too much of this pleading *ad hominem*. What justifies our series of bounties available for the arts is the need of society more than the necessities of the individual. It is time to begin to think of literature—good literature—as a social necessity. This argument has been recently advanced by John Erskine for music. It is as strong for literature. The laissez-faire system for poetry and the finer creative work generally is well enough in a primitive society. It will not work in a complex civilization; it ought not to be allowed to work without support and qualification. Good literature is just as deserving of support as good education. It is a social utility whose standards cannot and will not be safeguarded by the profit and loss system of commerce. Any publisher will tell you that he could make more money in a given year by printing only the current coin of widest popularity. Any publisher would add that his "back log" by this policy would soon rot to dust. It is the books that keep on selling which make the precarious business of publishing something more than a speculation. And these books in an extraordinary number of instances have been written by men and women who have had to struggle to make their way to success. Struggle is good for them! Undoubtedly, but so is a not too-long deferred support.

And it is the good writers—who by no means are always or often identical with the easily selling authors—who are important in the education of society. By this no sneer is intended for the mechanical best seller manufactured to give pleasure and giving it. That is a public utility too. But if no civilization can endure without sound education and without sound literature—and this we believe—then the subsidizing of writers who in the opinion of good judges deserve well of their culture, foster it, vitalize it, put imagination into it, whether or not the millions on first impact will read them, whether or not their potential circulation will ever go beyond the thousands in a given generation—then a reasonable financing of such authors is abundantly justified, is as defensible as the school tax or the university endowment.

How to do it most wisely is another question. We are not writing here of the wisdom or the success of the present prize system as it is and as it works. That deserves separate discussion. But the idea behind it can and should be defended.

Spengler

If it was Houston Chamberlain who first spread through Germany the idea that the Teutonic Aryan should be supreme over lesser breeds of men, it was Oswald Spengler who first impressively expressed the defeatism of the post-war period, a defeatism that has colored the best minds in the most advanced nations ever since.

The history of "The Decline of the West" has been much discredited, in spite of its extraordinary load of erudition. Spengler's phases in the growth and decline of nations prove to be but oversimplified and often philosophically unsound generalizations upon the rise-and-fall rhythm of all peoples. The rhythm exists, but the causes are much more circumstantial, much less necessitarian than Spengler asserted. It is generally agreed now that there was no necessary reason why the Roman civilization should not have gone on—and in Constantinople, where it did go on, society was by no means so static as earlier historians supposed.

But other generalizations of Spengler have been accepted, such as his theory that every era has definite characteristics belonging only to it and discoverable even in the most diverse aspects of culture and civilization; and also his underlying thesis that the European is worn out. That this latter has been proved we do not for an instant believe. But it has been accepted—and by men who have never heard of Spengler. And it has been a factor both in the pessimism of the democracies and the hysteria of the dictatorships.

Ten Years Ago

The Saturday Review of May 15, 1926, noted that the *Bookman's Journal* had listed the following ten English authors as being those whose first editions were most in demand: Rudyard Kipling, Charles Dickens, Sir Rider Haggard, Henry James, George Gissing, Norman Douglas, Sir James M. Barrie, Sir Hugh Clifford, Joseph Conrad, and Anthony Trollope.

Today

The Weekly Book Exchange of *The Publishers' Weekly* indicates present collecting trends among English authors to be as follows (the list is given alphabetically, since any attempt at a statistical rating would be misleading): Lewis Carroll, Conan Doyle, John Galsworthy, James Hilton, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, T. E. Lawrence, Charles Morgan, Bernard Shaw, and Mary Webb.

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Letters to the Editor: *History vs. Propaganda in "European Civilization"*

Professor Goodenough's Review

SIR:—In your issue of February 8th you printed a review by Professor Goodenough of Yale, of the first three volumes of "European Civilization, Its Origin and Development," a work of which I am the Editor and the Oxford University Press the Publishers. Your reviewer will, I trust, modify his view that the book is not honest history when he has had the opportunity of seeing it in its entirety, for there are seven volumes in all and he has condemned it on three. Those three cover antiquity, the Roman Empire, and the Early and Late Middle Ages. It should not have surprised him if a work following European civilization through those centuries devotes a great deal of space to the religion which was at the core of that civilization. Because he has found a greater place assigned to the Catholic Church than he has been accustomed to find or relishes finding, he condemns the whole work as propaganda. That is a charge which is easily if very improperly brought against a collective work of this kind. There is no general history which has drawn its writers from everywhere about which it could not be made, no important general history which has not needed and used Catholic as well as non-Catholic scholars. Professor Goodenough is faced with three volumes containing work by eleven scholars, five of whom are Catholics. I do not object to his arguing, where he thinks there is ground, against the conclusions or methods of these scholars. I greatly resent and so do my contributors and the publishers, against whom your reviewer makes particularly unworthy innuendoes, the attempt to represent the work as planned as propaganda and "not even honest propaganda" to quote his words. The intention of the work is made plain in the preface; it does approach the story of Europe with a different emphasis to that usually found in histories in the English language. It is designed to illustrate the rise and fortunes of a civilization, unique in itself, common to the peoples of Europe, and closely bound up with historical and institutional Christianity. That is the basis of the work and it is avowed at the outset. But I have attracted contributors of the highest standing for all parts of my work because I left them quite free. They are men whose positions in the academic world should have placed them above the suspicion that their pens could be bought to write to a brief. Yet in his obsession with the idea that they have made themselves into a team of propagandists, passing the ball to one another, Professor Goodenough fastens on the work of men who are not in fact Catholics at all and says, for instance, of Mr. A. W. Gomme of Glasgow that his estimate of Greek mystery religions "fits his section into the plan of the whole work." So Mr. David Douglas of Exeter, lately of Glasgow, is accused of tendenciously writing to glorify the Medieval Church. Mr. Douglas is not a Catholic but he is a scholar, and to support his attack Professor Goodenough travesties Mr. Douglas's long contribution, accusing him of omitting matters that he has not in fact omitted, and so on.

I write, in short, to protest against a review which under a guise of balance—for there is a great deal of praise scattered through the article—seeks to suggest that a number of scholars have been assembled and persuaded into sailing, under the colors of the Oxford University Press, on a pilgrimage of Grace on behalf of Rome. It is a grave charge but it is also a ludicrous one. The last century had many professors in New England seats of learning who attempted to refuse the name of learning to any history which did not support their strong Protestant prejudices. But such types are fortunately rare today, and it is now accepted that to assign a great place to the Catholic Church in the first fifteen hundred years of our era is merely to recognize a historical truth which was for long obscured by a conventional anti-Catholic bias.

EDWARD EYRE.

"WE DON'T MIND A DIRTY STORY SO LONG AS IT ISN'T FUNNY."

Professor Goodenough Replies

SIR:—I wish only to call your attention to the fact that as a Professor of the History of Religion I am far from minimizing the importance of religion in general, or of the Catholic Church, in the development of our civilization. I did not intend to imply, and am sorry if my review gives that impression, that all the contributors were involved in the tendencious formation of the story which on the whole seemed to me apparent. Professors Myres and Taylor, for example, have contributed articles admirable in every respect; if I have gone too far, and seen plan in what was, in the case of Mr. Gomme, mere coincidence, that was unfortunate. But I must stand by my original judgment of the three volumes published, and can only appeal to the reading public for vindication, or condemnation, of my opinion. I shall certainly be most interested in the forthcoming volumes of the series.

ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH.

Propaganda or Sincere History?

SIR:—Professor Goodenough (reviewing the first three volumes of Eyre's "History of European Civilisation" to which I contributed a very small section) argues in detail that this work "is designed to be a piece of propaganda rather than a history, propaganda for the Roman Catholic Church." With regard to the fact, the intention of the authors, I only wish to point out what I am sure Professor Goodenough would have made clear had he known it: many, even the majority of those who wrote the sections, and whom he names, are not Catholics, though they all (save myself) occupy distinguished positions in the world of historical scholarship.

But I am more interested in the general question which Professor Goodenough raises; whether a work which reads to him like propaganda can be sincere history. I, as a Catholic priest, am always delighted, though very surprised, if anything which I write on a question of general knowledge should lead others to believe in the Catholic religion, because I believe it to be true and to be of the greatest benefit to those who believe. In this sense all that I write may be propaganda, but does it necessarily prevent my writing from being sincere historiography? In these volumes I was entrusted with the section on the early history of Christianity. I presented an examination of the attitude of mind of the early Christians; my arguments were based entirely

(*Continued on page* 17)

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A Philological Romance

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. Mencken. Fourth edition, corrected, enlarged, and rewritten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by J. B. DUDEK

THIS new edition of Mr. Mencken's magnum opus is a phenomenal achievement. To call it an "edition" is misleading. Not only has the book been thoroughly revised, rearranged, corrected, and brought up to date, but, saving a few passages, it has been so completely rewritten and so much new material has been added—the present volume is double the size of its immediate predecessor—that, excepting the title and the author's name, it is an entirely new work. Here we have a scholarly discussion, in 325,000 words, of the development of English in the United States, but so diverting a piece of writing withal that, from preface to index (of course there is an index!), one is scarcely aware that it is a scientific treatise of the first order. A bulky volume of 800 pages plus, which no one perhaps will set out to read seriatim, it nevertheless tempts the reader who opens it timorously to skip joyfully from one charming page to another. He encounters adventure, romance, mystery. Finally he is spellbound, and sitting up, away into the small hours of the night, reluctant to lay down this philological "Anthony Adverse" without seeing it through to the finish. The publisher's advance announcement recommended the book for the bedside. Prudently, nothing was said of it as a cure for insomnia, for in that capacity it would assuredly fail. Mr. Mencken is not a writer to be read half asleep. Lest any one be discouraged by a book obviously impossible to dispatch at one sitting, let it be observed here that each chapter is so complete in itself that it may be read independently. Thus, the book may be divided into convenient slices, which need not be taken in order.

The first edition of Mr. Mencken's "American Language" came out in March, 1919. Limited to 1,500 copies, it was almost immediately exhausted. A second edition, revised and enlarged, appeared in December 1921, and a third, again revised and enlarged, in February 1923. This last has, heretofore, been the most familiar and popular. Although a relatively expensive book, sales were steady and comparatively large, five reprintings having been necessary. The work was published also in England, the first British edition being, with a few minor changes, the same as the American third; there is also a German translation, "Die Amerikanische Sprache," by Heinrich Spies (Berlin, 1927), much abbreviated, however, condensing in less than 200 pages (including index) the American third which contained over 400 pages of text, exclusive of a long bibliography and the index.

The formal bibliography is wisely omitted in the Fourth Edition, but bibliographical references are given in abundant footnotes, frequently as interesting and witty as the text. Those who enjoy a hearty guffaw should by no means miss the third footnote on page 498, or the one on page 501. The latter has a Rabelaisian piquancy which, though never obtrusive, is not absent elsewhere throughout the book. The List of Words and Phrases, expanded to seventy three-column pages, is a veritable dictionary of 12,000 Americanisms, including the earliest Colonial loan words as well as juicy examples of modern slang. Non-English words discussed in the text, especially in the Appendix, are not repeated in the word list, but the proper names occurring in Chapter X are.

Ray Lee Jackson
H. L. MENCKEN

To quote from the author's preface, the reader familiar with former editions will find that this one "not only presents a large amount of material that was not available when they were written, but also modifies the thesis that they set forth." When Mr. Mencken first started writing on the subject in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* (1910),

> the American form of the English language was plainly departing from the parent stem and it seemed at least likely that the differences between American and English would go on increasing. But since 1923 the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it, and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear. The two forms of the language, of course, are still distinct . . . and when an Englishman and an American meet they continue to be conscious that each speaks a tongue that is far from identical with the tongue spoken by the other. But the Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example . . . that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English. The English writers who note this change lay it to the influence of the American movies and talkies, but it seems to me there is also something more, and something deeper. The American people now constitute by far the largest fraction of the English-speaking race, and since the World War they have shown an increasing inclination to throw off their old subservience to English precept and example. If only by force of numbers, they are bound to exert a dominant influence upon the course of the common language hereafter.

This argument, supported by conclusive evidence, is elaborated in Chapter I, "The Two Streams of English." Here is a delightful serio-comic essay on the discussions provoked by early Americanisms, the fury with which English reviewers and American pedagogues attacked them, the American writers' sympathetic attitude toward the "barbarisms," and their encounters with the English critics, in which the Americans patently scored. Not the least amusing is a discussion of sporadic efforts made in this country to impose the "United States" language by law.

The second, a very brief chapter, entitled "The Materials of Inquiry," setting forth the essential characteristics of the new language and enumerating the categories of Americanisms established by past observers, is partly reprinted from the previous edition but still considerably revamped. The third and fourth chapters are a history of the development of American-English from the arrival of the first settlers up to and including the Civil War, but words borrowed from Indian tongues, from the Dutch, French, and Spanish, are amply discussed, as also the fashioning of neologisms from English material. The period covered by Chapter IV was enormously fertile, and during it the language acquired most of its present distinguishing marks. The fifth chapter treats at length of word-formation processes now active. The sixth demonstrates the vast influence of American on parent English. It is here that Mr. Mencken most plausibly contends that the two languages remain definitely unlike, even in honorifics, euphemisms, *verboten* words, and expletives. Chapters VII and VIII deal admirably with American pronunciation and spelling, respectively; and in Chapter IX is the first formal grammar of the American vulgate ever essayed. Perhaps the finest chapter in the book is the tenth, "Proper Names in America." Surnames, given and place names receive hospitable attention, and there are startling revelations.

A book the size of Mr. Mencken's already formidable tome would not suffice for an adequate survey of American

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slang; but, within Chapter XI, he has compacted practically everything of permanent value to be extracted from the overwhelming, unstable mass of raw material that must be available. There is a section on the cant and argot of circus men, hoboes and other groups, including, *mirabile dictu*, pedagogues!

Chapter XII, "The Future of the Language," complements the opening chapter, and here Mr. Mencken becomes prophetic. The English language, he points out, is practically a world language; it still has sizeable competitors only in French and German. But, he says:

> My own experience may be added for whatever it is worth. I have visited, since the World War, sixteen countries in Europe, five in Africa, three in Asia, and three in Latin-America, beside a large miscellany of islands, but I don't remember ever encountering a situation that English could not resolve.

He doubts that, as English spreads, it will be able to maintain its present (British) form: the foreigner must eventually make his choice between that and the American; but, despite differences, defects, and drawbacks, "English goes on conquering the world," and it is not difficult to predict which form is more apt to win.

The Appendix, on non-English dialects, is a book in itself. Not only is the speech of the larger foreign groups in America—Germans, Swedes, Jews, Greeks, Italians, Slavs—considered in detail, but that of Icelanders, Arabs, Chinamen, Japs, Armenians, and Hawaiians. Mr. Mencken has expanded to eighty-six pages a section which, in his third edition, filled but twenty-eight. Some knowledge of the various languages would be advantageous for an appreciation of this Appendix, but even the reader knowing only English (excuse me, American!) will chuckle over the disaster that has overtaken foreign tongues in the land of the free. Evidently, in linguistic matters there has been not only liberty but unbounded license. The setting up and proof-reading of this section must have driven more than one person insane, yet misprints are surprisingly few. Those discoverable will doubtless be corrected before the book is electrotyped. All in all, the volume is a magnificent piece of typography from the Plimpton Press.

It is hard to charge the learned author with mortal sins of commission, though Anglophiles, prudes, pedagogues, and purists will be prompt to tear him limb from limb. His main thesis will probably be denied *in toto*, but disproving it is quite another matter. As for sins of omission, every reader will think instantly of some pet word or phrase which Mr. Mencken should have included. This reviewer, for instance, searched vainly for the abomination "kiddie," which, for over fifteen years to his personal knowledge, has designated a child from the toddling age up to approaching puberty and has not yet died a richly deserved and horrible death. Even the noun "kid" is missing, though "kidding" is mentioned. "Kido," in the third edition, is omitted in this, probably as now obsolete. Among words overworked by the newspapers and at business men's luncheons, some of the "most outstanding," like "virtually," "group" (meaning anything from an insignificant sewing circle to the whole *corpus* of the R. C. Church), "visualize," and "alleged," are absent. After an "alleged" criminal has been sentenced to the electric chair, it seems the height of precaution and idiocy to keep on rehashing that he "allegedly" murdered the woman, an "alleged" underworld character, by strangulation after an "alleged" assault, etc., etc., when the possibility of legal action against the publisher by the *dramatis personæ* is exceedingly remote. Incidentally, there is no discussion of a hypothetical ukase compelling newspaper men to write, say, "Her head *virtually was* severed from her body," "U.S. *still is* neutral," "He *soon is* expected," or "*Almost it* is impossible," instead of constructions a normal person would use. There is the well known pedantry about the split infinitive, but what commandment forbids splitting a periphrastic tense?

But it is manifestly unfair to expect that Mr. Mencken should have included everything or that he should have made his book a mere lexicon. He sagely leaves that function to the compilers of "The Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles" now under way at the University of Chicago. Privately, I am informed that, for fear of scaring off readers, he rejected at least three times as much material, submitted to him by voluntary contributors, as he used. The job of judicious selection alone must have been a formidable one. Apparently, however, this penetrating observer, not only of the American but of the international scene, enjoyed his task hugely and his delight is infectious.

The Right Reverend J. B. Dudek, chancellor of the Catholic diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, is a Czech-American, born in this country; he is especially interested in the American language of which he is a profound student.

Inflation

BY LEONARD BACON

DOWN at the Government printing-press
The greenbacks come from nothingness.
Where did you come from, baby dear?
And what will you buy for us now that you're here?
Are you a fiction? Are you a fact?
By what reality are you backed?
We understand that the figment gold
Is a thing on which sensible men aren't sold,
That it's merely a symbol that traps and trips,
As it moves to and fro on the ocean on ships,
A mere belief, a dream, a romance,
Earmarked for England, earmarked for France,
Never unpacked from the crate, just gold
Crossing the sea in the liner's hold,
Only a crate, obscure and small,
That might just as well be nothing at all.
But the Bank of England and Bank of France
Think otherwise of the circumstance.
And can you imagine their frantic state,
If some day they could not find that crate,
That moves with a strange perpetual motion
From one hold to another across the ocean?
At the point I quail. I cannot express
The idea of legal tenderness.
It's all snarled up with credits and debts,
Little matters a man forgets.
What is it keeps the dollar alive?
Upon what terms can a dime survive?
They call it currency. And some seem
To think it something beyond a dream.
Whereas we know it is but inept
Esthetic stuff, which we have to accept
At a theoretic price, too dear
For a novelist or a sonneteer.
Long since some economic peacock
Uttered this truth, Adam Smith or Leacock:
"Poets enjoy a reputation
"For dim delightful inspiration,
"But the true-born romanticist
"By God! is the economist."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

News Reel

IT'S going on three years since we reviewed a copy of the New York *Times*. These occasional News Reels, we have remarked, are for the contemplation of the sociologists of the Future; supposing they have any leisure to contemplate. We choose today's paper —Thursday, May 7, 1936. On previous occasions I've made the mistake of beginning with the Front Page and haven't had much space to record the savory and inconspicuous items over at the back. The Classified Advertising and the financial pages often give a hint of things that don't get into News until later.

So today I begin at the end and browse backward. Remember, please, that a 48-page *Times* contains (at a guess) as much print as a 700 page novel; we can only touch a few spots. First, for traveller's twinge, the *American Importer* sails Saturday for Cobh, Liverpool, and Manchester. I know a young poet who's going in her, on a Guggenheim Fellowship. I wish he'd stay on board all the way to Manchester, and get his first impression of England in the *Guardian*. You can go to California by Dollar Line and back by train for $215. You can go to Capetown, cabin class, for $260. To Bermuda and back (with private bath) for $60. To Albany for $2. The Port of Philadelphia handled in April the greatest month's tonnage in its history; 1445 vessels entered and cleared. The Port of Buffalo, only 4 days clear of ice, had made a busy start. The *Normandie* sailed for New York after her winter lay-up. They've been trying to take the vibration out of her. It's going to be larks watching her and the *Queen Mary*. Temperature in N. Y. yesterday ranged from 50 at 6 a. m. to 69 at 2 p. m. In London, maximum 73; Berlin 71; Paris 68; Nice 62; Nassau 88; Bermuda 75.

Army Orders: Colonel Parker, Field Artillery, transferred from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Hawaii. After Vermont winters that'll feel grand. Aloha, Colonel! *Naval Orders:* Lieut. Farmer to command the *Umpqua:* wonder what she is? Two young junior lieuts at New London assigned to the *Nautilus* and the *Narwhal;* submarines, I suppose; makes me want to read Jules Verne.

Wills Probated: a decedent in Queens ($5000 real, $4000 personal) left his automobile and furniture to his wife; to his nephew, gold watch; to his brother, wearing apparel; to his son, stickpin; ⅔ of the insurance to a grand-daughter; the other ⅓ for burial and tombstone. Here's another Italian testament, in West New York (N. J.): to son, property at Maspeth, L. I.; to son and brother, insurance; to brother, 6 shares A. T. & T.; to grandson, jewelry; to widow and another son, $1 each.

The phrase *Design for Living* has caught hotel keepers' fancy. Both the St. George, Brooklyn, and the Montclair on Lexington Avenue use it. The St. George says "Sea-bathe and Sun in Salt Water Pool; cavort in the Gym. Meet congenial souls in café, bar and cocktail lounge. Live socially." The Montclair says "On the sky-top is the Nautical Sports Deck . . . carefree days and glamorous nights . . . shed your stuffy street wear, don your bathing togs, sun tan as you stretch lazily . . . congenial, interesting people." Pickwick Arms, East 51, says "A Move to the Smart East Side will work wonders for your spring fever." A hotel at 63rd Street is "at the Gateway to Times Square. Distinctive American clientèle." The hotel rate for single room and bath seems to begin at $10 to $14 a week.

Singers wanted for Catholic choir. Young Lady with sales experience wanted to organize "cosmetic crew." The assistant manager of the Hotel Delmonico left his glasses at the Planetarium. At Atlantic Beach, L. I., an Arabian house is for rent. Jack Dempsey leased an apartment (11 rooms, 4 baths) at the San Remo on Central Park West. Good! I'm all for the West Side.

Mr. Ridder, administrator of the Works Progress Administration, says his outfit distributes 35,000 checks daily. Hearn's store cashes them and about ⅓ of the people buy something before they leave. The steel industry has passed the spring peak, but is still working at 68% capacity. The price of scrap (iron) has broken sharply. The Nickel Plate R.R. has ordered 777 freight cars. Retail trade, per contra, is "shaking off lethargy." The commerce writers like to wrap up their stuff in plenty of words. Instead of saying people are buying sports clothes, "enough consumer action has been obtained on sportswear to indicate," etc.

Lane Bryant sales 7.9% better than 1935. This can bracket with front page story about a plea for Birth Control ("within the sacred limits of marriage") at the Methodist Conference in Columbus. (When the Bowling Green, some 15 years ago, remarked that B. C. was only plain human decency and was bound to be accepted eventually, what shouts of rage we received.)—Woolworth sales 3.1% better than 1935.

Radio: if we spent today with WJZ this is what we'd hear, beginning 7.30 a. m. Jolly Bill and Jane; Xylophone; News and Morning Devotions; Organ; Landt Trio; Dance Orchestra (at 9 a.m.!); News; Vic and Sade; Songs; Today's Children; David Harum; Songs; Norseman Quartet; U. S. Navy Band; Songs; Tenor; News; Joan and the Escorts; Dot and Will; Farm and Home Hour; Musicians as Men (by Dr. D. G. Mason); The Late King George and His Postage Stamps; Piano; Choral Art Society; Betty and Bob; Backstage Wife; Baritone; Magic Voice; South Sea Islanders; Singing Lady; Little Orphan Annie; News and National Music Week; Capt. Tim's Adventure Stories; News; Frank and Flo; Lowell Thomas; Easy Aces; Citizens' Family Welfare Talk; Songs; Lum and Abner; War or Peace in Europe, by Charles G. Dawes; Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Variety Musicale; Death Valley Days; Town Meeting: Should Federal Unemployment Relief Continue?; Music Is My Hobby; News; and various dance orchestras from 11 p. m. till 1 a. m.

On WABC Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas was to be interviewed at 8.30 p. m. Up to the present time Governor Landon is considered a strong contender (with Senator Borah) for the Republican nomination next month. John Charles Thomas, the singer, says he'll quit radio unless he can sign off, as he always has, by saying Goodnight to his mother. Mother's Day (next Sunday) was helping the candy business.

Petitions in bankruptcy were filed by a broker, a salesman, a summer camp, a cutter, a hosiery mill, a carpenter, a light and heat company, a policeman, a heat prover, a machinist, a paper box maker, a printer, a publicist, 2 housewives. The publicist's liabilities were $1498, no assets. One housewife's liabilities were $855,156; no assets. What credit a housewife can get! Among judgments filed the most frequent creditor was the Morris Plan. Trading in the gray cloth market was listless. (What's the matter with the mail carriers?) An advertising tycoon said that in a recent survey 85% of the people interviewed "placed more reliance on newspaper advertising than in the statements of politicians." Faint praise indeed.

Arrival of Buyers: the Hollywood Shop of Royal Oak, Mich., has come to town for ready-to-wears. The Hub of Steubenville, O., for men's furnishings. Russek's (Detroit) for Hudson seal and Persian lamb. Hutzler Bros. (Baltimore) for small wares, piece goods, negligees, stationery. The American Mdse. Co. offers polo shirts with zippers to retail for 25 cents; "unheard of value." The Cigar Progress Board is trying to buck up the sale of cigars. Exporters continue to demand cash in N. Y. for shipments to Italy. Other nations mentioned as "trouble spots" in the matter of credit: Spain, Nicaragua,

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Canary Islands, Spanish Morocco. Bankers doubt that Ethiopia will be an earning asset for Italy at any early date. The Quartermaster at West Point will receive bids for the construction of 60 sets of Officers' Quarters.

The price of fresh vegetables rose in late April. The Food Cost Index Number was 79.7, the 1923-25 average taken as 100. Brazil expects to destroy 4 million bags of her current coffee crop. The Bank of France raised the discount rate to check the outflow of gold. The Lehigh Valley Railroad lost $440,190 in the month of March, which seems a good deal.

But Atlas Powder declared an extra dividend. The salary of Thos. J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines, was cut in 1935 to $303,813. In 1934 it had been $365,358. Stocks improved moderately and closed steady. The only stock I ever watched, Union Pacific, closed at 125—just about where it was three years ago. U. S. Treasury statement as of close of business May 4: excess of expenditures over receipts (in round numbers) 38 millions. Corresponding period last year, 76 millions. Public debt of the U. S., 31 billions. A year ago, 28 billions. The C. B. & Q. Railroad carried 12.9% increase of passengers in 1935: attributed to reduced fares and streamline trains.

As news writing all this is very bad: I haven't even mentioned yet the thing that leaps out of the paper (on page 2). It's an advertisement, *Europe by Air in 2½ Days.* "The World's Greatest Airship *Hindenburg* of the German Zeppelin Company. Lakehurst, N. J., to Frankfort, Germany, $400, including Berth, Meals, Tips." A list of ten sailing dates is given, from May to October. She left Friedrichshafen Wednesday night (with 51 passengers and 56 crew) and is due at Lakehurst on Saturday. Almost as exciting is the ad of the United Air Lines: *Have Breakfast Tomorrow in California.* "To Chicago, Commuter Service, only 5 hours." To my taste the two most depressing ads are this about lipsticks: "A biological youth essence present in no other lipstick gives your lips a young moist gleam, a lustre!" and one about calf's liver: "each liver individually tagged with a seal bearing date of dressing in New York City slaughter house."

Easy association brings us to the conquest of Ethiopia, which Mussolini was saying is to be accepted as accomplished fact. 25,000 troops under Marshal Badoglio reached Addis Ababa in a "motorized column" of 3,000 vehicles. In London, Sir Samuel Hoare said "I told you so." Sir Austen Chamberlain, that to continue sanctions now would be equal danger and futility. Mr. Anthony Eden, that the League must go on, but requires thoughtful stock-taking. Mr. John H. Shaw, Ethiopian consul-general in N. Y. City, was found to have sailed suddenly in the *Europa.* How did a Mr. Shaw get to be Ethiopian consul? Surely that's a

Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Drama

Idiot's Delight: *A Play in Three Acts*
by **Robert E. Sherwood**

"Wise, witty, exciting, satiric, and tragic, it is so completely realized that you don't have to see the current Theatre Guild production to enjoy it fully." —*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00

Sally
The Story of a Foster Girl
by **John Metcalfe**

"Deserves to be widely read. It has a force found only now and again in contemporary literature." —*New York Times.* $3.00

Antony
A Record of Youth
by **The Earl of Lytton**

"The very spirit of youth lives in this book . . . the deepest things in the book belong not to this day alone but to all time." —*Boston Transcript. Illus.* $3.00

The Most Widely Read Novel in America Since February 1

The Last Puritan
A Memoir in the Form of a Novel
by **George Santayana**

Seventh Large Printing: 148,500 copies: A best-seller since publication. $2.75

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

A Pickwick Portrait Gallery

16 noted writers discuss the Pickwickians—with illustrations from "Phiz" and others. "Should prove a gift of the laughing god to harassed and somber souls." —*New York Times.* $3.00

The Cowboy
by **Philip Ashton Rollins**

New revised edition with much additional material and all new illustrations. "An invaluable addition to the serious literature of the frontier." —*New York Times.* $3.50

The Living Jefferson
by **James Truslow Adams**

"Splendidly written . . . sound historically . . . fair and outspoken in its findings. Mr. Adams is to be thanked for an interesting and authoritative history." —*Boston Transcript.* $3.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

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story. Signor Pirelli, leading Italian industrialist and one of Il Duce's economic advisers, had been in London conferring with M. P.'s.

It was good editorial sense of the *Times* to put up on the front page an A. P. dispatch about Nebraska as the Taxpayers' Paradise. Nebraska, the only state not in the red, has a treasury balance of over 21 million; and no income or sales tax. Also sure to catch the eye of business, statement by the head of a famous firm of accountants that the proposed tax on "undistributed corporation profits" is unsound and unnecessary. Meanwhile the House Appropriations Committee was lopping off 75 millions from the President's Relief Budget; and Governor Lehman ("visibly agitated" to the eyes of the Albany correspondents) was preparing to go on the air in support of his own social security program. The National Institute of Social Sciences gave gold medals "for services to humanity" to J. P. Morgan, Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Dorothy Eustis (for her Seeing Eye training school for blind-leading dogs) and William Edwin Hall for his work with boys' clubs. In 1910 the average age of law-breakers ranged from 25 to 34; in 1934 it was 19 years. Here is a social phenomenon of real pith: life gets people down a lot quicker nowadays.

But space is short. A few more brief flashes that caught me. The head of Smith Brothers Cough Drops died in Poughkeepsie—son and nephew of the two bearded Scots who came to this country in 1847 and whose faces are now part of the American panorama. Surely the greatest force in advertising is just simple repetition? Two Chicago doctors suggest that the individual "respiratory pattern" may be as useful for identification as handwriting or fingerprints. A doctor from Albany thinks that radio waves may cause neuroses in unstable minds. The membership of the Roman Catholic Church in the U. S. increased by 212,136 in 1935. The total number of American Catholics is 20,735,179. There are 18,389 churches of this faith, and 31,108 priests. The Pulitzer Prize committee, incessantly heckled ever since the awards began, was feebly trying to revise its awkward mandate. It has changed its award in the novel, for instance, from "the best" to "a distinguished." The boys at Princeton began their evening singing on the steps of Nassau Hall, a custom said to be 176 years old. Harvard and Yale severed boxing relations over some disputed decision, which sounds as childish as grown-up people. The amusing book by a Princeton student about the Veterans of Future Wars was advertised as "guaranteed to give any Congressman a sleepless night." Up to May 2, veterans to the number of 3,297,124 had applied for the bonus bonds to be issued in June.

One thing I always remember on May 7 I did not see anywhere mentioned. The *Lusitania* was sunk May 7, 1915.

Reading from East to West

(*Continued from page 4*)

the country where regional culture is today most aggressive—betraying by that very fact the underlying inferiority complex created by conditions following the Civil War. It is to me in many ways the most exciting and interesting place in America; its problems are most nearly incapable of solution without a reorganization of our whole society, and the impact of these problems upon Southern writers is a matter of great and increasing importance. New England, more than any other area, gives one the impression of a moribund culture: the old Yankee stock a little decadent, for reasons too complicated to be discussed here, fighting rather feebly against the waves of new immigration, Irish, French-Canadian, Polish, Italian. Out of all this a new culture is certain to arise, but it is perhaps a generation off. The Middle West seems on the whole to be lying fallow after a burst of creative activity two decades ago; a disturbingly large proportion of its authentic spokesmen have migrated to New York and surrounding Connecticut farmhouses, and while they continue to write, and sometimes to write well, of their own locale, for many of them the native umbilical cord is cut. We no longer hear, as we did fifteen years ago, the confident predictions that Chicago is about to be the center of culture for America (and make it hum). The Southwest, preoccupied on the whole with preserving the fast-disappearing culture of the Indian, necessarily gives an impression of preciousness. As for the Pacific Coast, it is too new, too rich, and too new-rich to have produced as yet more than the beginning of a genuine regional culture. It has extraordinary possibilities, certainly; in the distant past it produced, or helped to shape, such giants as Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and more recently it contributed handsomely to the little theatre movement and developed a regional school of painters. San Francisco before the earthquake of 1906 had a life in art of its own, but since then it has suffered from the same blight that has afflicted Chicago and the Middle West generally. California as a whole is still under the blight of boosterism and of the movies despite the improvement in the latter.

I have said that the literate minority throughout the country reads more or less the same book at the same time. A special note should be made of a minority of this minority, the so-called liberal and the radical of the middle class who have a somewhat specialized reading habit of their own. It is they who for the most part buy the "proletarian novels" of which we have had such a remarkable outpouring in the past few years. This is not to say that the American worker is not interested in books about his own life but simply that he cannot afford to buy them; he does read these and other serious works, borrowing them from the public library. So far as I can judge, people on the Left have much the same reading habits in one part of the country as in another. Their concentration is heaviest, in proportion to population, in the New York City area and in Southern California.

In thinking of regional culture in the United States today one should not forget certain activities of the federal government which have been carried on through various agencies—the C.W.A., the P.W.A.P., the P.W.A. and at present chiefly the W.P.A. In the endeavor to give occupation to unemployed artists, schools, postoffices, courthouses, and the like have been decorated with sculpture, paintings, and with thousands of square yards of murals. While some of this art is pretty bad, a great deal of it is very good indeed (and has been purchased by the government at the cheapest bargain rates in history). Much of this art deals with local themes, historical or contemporaneous, and cannot fail to encourage the growth of cultural regionalism. The same sort of development is now being seen in the field of writing. The guide books that are being assembled all over the country under the W.P.A. are bringing together an incredible amount of information about American places and people. Regional folk tales are being written down, some of them for the first time; local traditions are recorded and the artistic and archeological records of, for instance, the old Spanish culture of the Southwest, will be brought to the attention of the present-day public as they have never been before and could not be in any other way. It is even true that under federal patronage some authentic new talents have been revealed, especially in the fields of painting and the theatre.

Needless to say, everything depends, in America, upon the course of our economic development; but barring a genuine cataclysm, it seems to me probable that the next quarter century will be an extremely profitable period in our artistic and intellectual development, especially in the regional aspects with which these random notes are concerned. Increasingly in recent years, the worker in the arts has been freed from the necessity of passing through the bottle neck of the profit motive; hundreds of books are published today with the realization that their sale must be small—books, some of them, that could not possibly have attained any audience at all, twenty or thirty years ago. The same thing is true in the theatre. I should not be at all surprised to learn that more good art is at present being produced with government aid than without it. While this process is in great measure a depression phenomenon, I see no reason why it should not continue.

Bruce Bliven, editor of The New Republic, *has travelled repeatedly through the United States, making a study of opinion and characteristics in its various sections.*

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It's a Crime

IT'S THE LAW. By Dick Hyman. Illustrated by O. Soglow. Foreword by Arthur "Bugs" Baer. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

IT'S illegal in Georgia for a bathing-beach guard not to wear a "bright solid red" suit plus a leather harness around his neck. In Maine it's illegal to ride on the highway "with a naked scythe, sharpened and hung in a snath," accompanied or otherwise by a Snark. It's unlawful in California "to shoot at any kind of game bird or mammal except a whale, from an automobile or air-plane." At Berea, Ohio, no animal is permitted to go out after dark without a tail light. In Minnesota it's a crime for a woman to impersonate Santa Claus on the street. It's against the law in North Carolina for twin beds to be less than two feet apart in hotel rooms. A city ordinance of Omaha prohibits two different persons at the same time from dipping into the same finger-bowl. No enactments have been made anywhere to date in the field of doughnut-dunking in coffee. If you smoke a cigar, cigarette, or pipe in a Cleveland cemetery, watch out; stick to chewing-gum. You'll get pinched in Milwaukee for climbing any ornamental or shade tree or lamp post other than your own. Apparently it's O. K. in Virginia for a person running for office to buy his election, since the statute is headed: "To prohibit corrupt practices or bribery by any person other than candidates."

No kidding. We quote on the authority of Dick Hyman who has tracked to their lair these and hundreds of other pieces of inspired legislation. For the mentality and motivation of the responsible—if that's the right adjective—Solons, kindly consult your favorite psycho-analyst. Clearly Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert knew only the half of it. For cock-eyed ingenuity Joe Cook and Rube Goldberg barely qualify for the amateur hour. The learned Arthur Baer, dean of all bugs, who introduces the tome with commendable scholarship, throws up his hands when it comes to this branch of entomology. He can only say:

> We don't know what a legislator has in the back of his head when he fathers a law like that. Whatever he has in the back of his head meets with no pressure from the front.

The copious illustrations of these laws in operation by the none-more-appropriate O. Soglow are Oh! so glowingly hilarious, or hilariously glowing, whichever the reader may prefer.

If you fail to get this book, it's a crime.

Melville Cane is a lawyer by profession and a poet by avocation. He has published two volumes of verse, "January Garden" and "Behind Dark Spaces."

Marie Antoinette's Henchman

by MEADE MINNIGERODE

author of THE SON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

THIS story of the colossal intrigue to rescue the royal family from the Tower is one of the most exciting and important stories of the French Revolution, and yet it is unknown to most readers.

It is the story behind the story of the Terror; the story of Jean, Baron de Batz, and his friends, his girls, his agents, his tools, his dupes, in the great conflict which he organized and led for two years against Robespierre and the whole regime of the Revolution. Persons who served him because of a common devotion to the royalist cause; persons who moved at his beck and call because of an uncommonly common devotion, this time, to the money of incredible briberies; persons who worked for him without ever knowing that they had done so; persons who, quite simply and all the way to the scaffold, adored him.

It runs its course from brilliant salons and gambling houses all around the rotundas of stock exchanges and banks, in and out of street riots and secret hiding places, through the dark corridors of the Queen's prison cells, up onto the rostrum of the Convention hall, and finally, for most of them, to the continually chopping guillotine.

A story of blood, and tears, and fury; of repeated failures culminating in the most fearful of triumphs; a story of great loves, great fidelities and great risks sacrificed to the reckless frigidity of a great and fatal enterprise. Illustrated with old prints, and fully indexed
$3.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, INC.

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The New Books

Biography

THE GREAT BIOGRAPHERS. By Albert Britt. Whittlesey House. 1936. $2.

The present book grew out of a course in biography at Knox College; but in making a book of the course President Britt would have been wiser if he had confined it wholly to what it is really about, namely, English and American biography since Franklin and Boswell. An Introduction might have taken whatever he cared to say about biography earlier and elsewhere, about Plutarch, Cellini, or Rousseau. As it is the first four chapters are of slight value. It is only when one gets into the nineteenth century that President Britt's strength and independence of judgment become enjoyable.

English and American biography of the last century and a half is a large phenomenon, a subject that may be taken by itself. Within the last forty years there has risen in it a new school and a controversy, but he does not go into the issue. We think he takes Guedalla, and even Maurois, too seriously, but are glad to notice and concur in his high estimate of Bradford. He makes a curious slip about Boswell, who, he says, "passed the greater part of his life in London, the ultimate Scotch paradise. His knowledge of law was chiefly that of a student, as there is no record of his practice." Boswell passed a very small part of his life in London. It might possibly all add up to three or four years. He seems to have been in active practice in Edinburgh for many years and not infrequently got written opinions from Johnson on cases he was handling. The "records of his practice" are of course in the court records in Edinburgh, and perhaps have been investigated by Professor Chauncey Tinker; but it is curious that President Britt should have missed the evidence in Boswell's Johnson, for Johnson's opinions on those cases are very interesting evidences of his powers.

A. C.

Fiction

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE TREE. By Helen Beauclerk. Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

The wife of Edmund Dulac is a brilliant writer. Her "The Love of the Foolish Angel" was a remarkable fantasy. Now, in a book whose type layout and decoration have been supervised by her husband —who also designed the book's jacket— she has written a remarkable series of stories of four early periods in the history of mankind; namely, the Stone Age in Crete, Greece at the beginning of the fifteenth century B.C., the early days of Orphism in Greece, and the beginning of the third century A.D. in Asia Minor. The value of the book is in its assimilation of anthropology, and, as it were, its making the history of man's ancient superstitions come alive for us in actual instances.

To be sure one gets a little bored with so much concerning primitive beliefs. This reviewer found it pretty hard to keep his attention from wandering; and yet at the same time we realize that Miss Beauclerk has accomplished no inconsiderable feat of the imagination. She is most erudite without pedantry, and she creates convincing characters. We are sure that this is a book that we should like better than we do. We suppose we feel it too remote from our chief concerns today, at a time when a resurgence of the barbaric in Man has become a real problem. But as a scholar and a novelist this author always commands one's respect.

W. R. B.

SALLY. The Story of a Foster Girl. By John Metcalfe. Scribners. 1936. $3.

There is always something familiar about a book of this kind. The interminable, minutely biographical study of a waif's ups and downs, it summons up memories of a long line of English novels, some half-forgotten, some, like "Moll Flanders," distinct and immediate in the mind. Every generation of novelists produces a host of such books, and it is interesting to observe how little, from one century to the next, the situations change, how little, for instance, the London underworld of Sally's and our own day differs fundamentally from that of Moll Flanders's. Sally has not the personality and vigor of Defoe's heroine; she is not very likely to become memorable in English literature, but once started on her history it is impossible not to read on with fascinated horror through the six hundred and sixty pages of gloom and squalor and accumulating misery that Mr. Metcalfe has heaped upon her.

The great central weakness of the story is Sally's own insignificance. She is not a positive character, merely the frail victim of the fate an author chooses to weave about her; she has no quality that makes her sharp and solid enough to deserve to be the core of so voluminous a study. It is her intricate destiny and not herself that is interesting—the sensational mysteries that surround her birth, the tragic fashion in which she becomes the pawn of circumstances, of other people's lies and other people's carelessness, the minute balancings of fate that incline her downward, until from a potentially decent person, she has become a prostitute and a thief and finally, evil breeding evil, is engulfed in a welter of depravity.

Those who would follow Sally's fortunes must travel a sordid road through the atmosphere of fog and murky twilight that is peculiar to this type of realistic English novel. Her childhood's backgrounds are a room in a London slum, a small, dank, caretaker's-house in a cemetery, a flat over a fish shop, and an orphan asylum. Later on she drifts into pleasanter environments, only to be drawn down finally, by her disreputable, supposed father, into the squalor of the East End. Mr. Metcalfe handles the dénouement of his story with magnificent skill; it has a brutality and directness that are immensely effective.

C. C.

Miscellaneous

PATRIOTISM PREPAID. By Lewis J. Gorin. Lippincott. 1936. $1.

> We demand that, as is customary, the Federal Government pass immediately a law guaranteeing us each a bonus of one thousand dollars in 1965, . . . we insist on immediate cash payment and consistently demand full interest, compounded backward from the due date.

With this as a starting point Lewis J. Gorin, National Commander of the Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., has written an amusing satire on the antics of the veterans' organizations in this country, sparing no feelings, and particularly not those of Congress. He points out with solemn awe that a man who caught sleeping sickness in 1924 is eligible for a veteran's disability allowance, that the last pensioner of the Revolutionary War died in 1906, and other strange and amusing facts about our bonuses and pensions.

However, this is not only a satire, but the program of an organization. So Mr. Gorin and thirty thousand other young Americans say that they would like to have their pension now, instead of after

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHELL OF DEATH *Nicholas Blake* (Harpers: $2.)	Anonymous letters threaten life of War Ace. Despite Nigel Strangeways's vigilance W. A. is killed—and two others.	Its twistings and turnings are amazing and its classic allusions extra erudite, and it's very wordy—but good hunting.	Cerebral
ADVICE LTD. *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Murders, robberies, blackmailings, etc., all solved with neatness and dispatch by lovely Baroness Clara Linz.	Engaging short stories with the familiar E. P. O. touch—except that, frequently, his fingers are all thumbs.	Undistinguished
THE GENERAL GOES TOO FAR *Lewis Robinson* (Putnams: $2.)	Libidinous English officers, in Ireland and Africa, cause sundry killings, which none too innocent subalterns solve.	Pungent concoction of amoral intrigue, cold-blooded murder, and tropical passages, with very British Aw-may background.	Snappy

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the coming war, when most of them won't be able to enjoy it. And try as he will Mr. Gorin cannot keep a note of bitterness out of his book when he comes to this. The Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., began as a joke, but it is a wry joke that concerns one's own life.

However, it has been a funny joke, too, and this is an amusing book. But the important thing is that these thirty thousand veterans of future wars should go further in their attack upon war than trying to laugh it off. It is to their credit that they engaged in many places in the student peace strike of April 22nd, and lends hope that the future of their movement may *not* be a future war. J. W. B.

Letters to the Editor

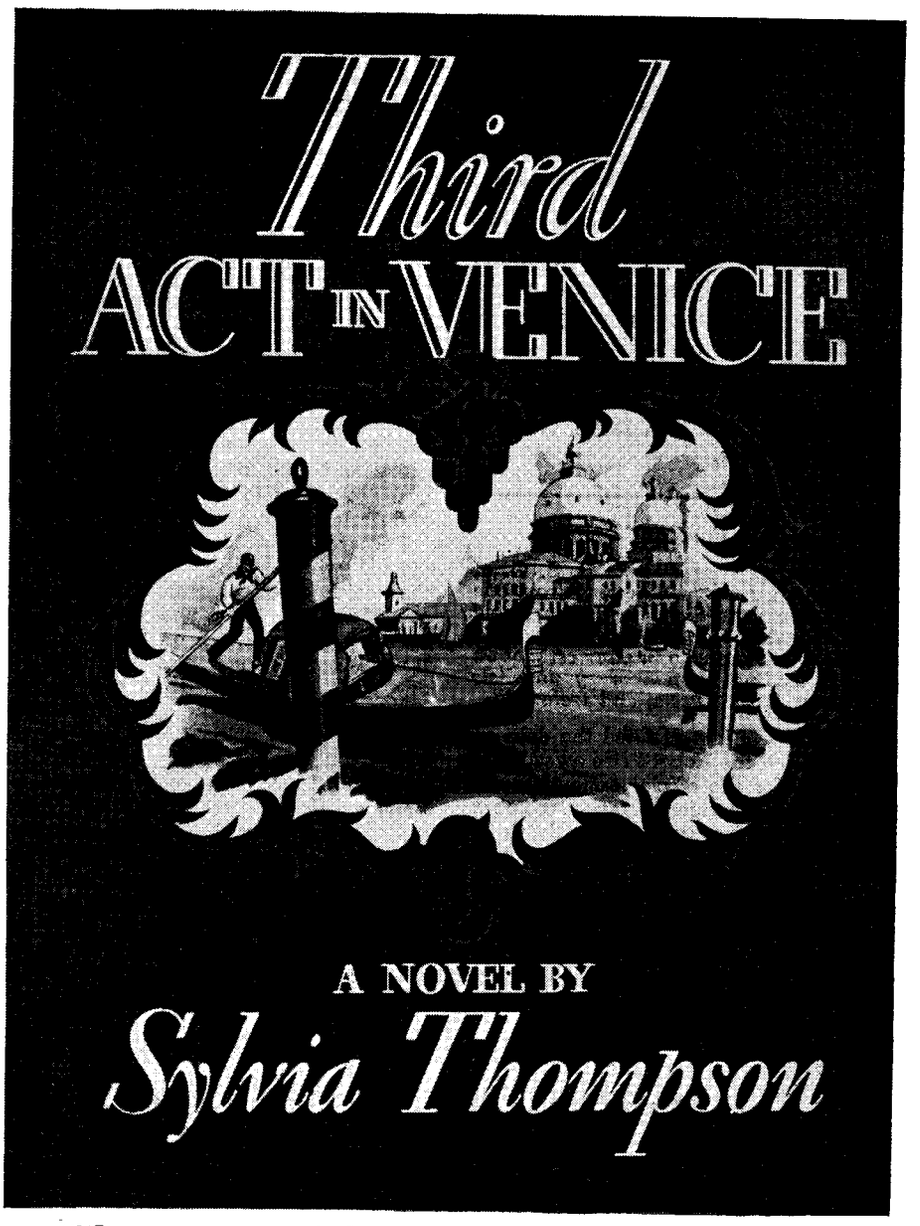
(*Continued from page 9*)

on evidence coming from the period and I did not remove that evidence from its setting in time or locality. I concluded that the Christians of the centuries I dealt with believed the Church was divinely founded by Christ through Peter and the Apostles. Professor Goodenough states that I argued the view that the Church was thus divinely founded. But I did not even discuss the question whether what the Christians believed, the divinity of Christ and the Church, was a fact; I accepted the convention, common among historiographers, that this important philosophical question should not be tacked on to an historical enquiry.

But Professor Goodenough is, I think, not mistaken in seeing that my treatment does rest on assumptions, though he is mistaken as to what the assumptions are. My assumptions are, 1, that such a belief could appear suddenly in the course of history, *i.e.*, that the abundant evidence I quoted is not necessarily delusive, and, 2, that the belief was not necessarily mistaken. Professor Goodenough, however, appears to object to the whole work on other grounds. First he states: "when such a work proves to be a plea for Catholicism, then we have not even honest propaganda"; this would appear to mean that a sincere Catholic must be dishonest, but I prefer to think that I have misunderstood the reviewer. His other objection is that historical research must be an endeavor "to understand how conditions at a given time grew out of what went before." If this were the case, of course what I wrote would not be historical: but neither would the accounts of the greater number of past and present historians. It is common to assume that many of the men who have been born into this world have contributed something new to the wisdom and practice of the human race, and therefore that neither ideas or institutions necessarily grow out of what went before. Are we justified in accepting Professor Goodenough's assumption? Must the record of men be interpreted on the assumption that "conditions at any given time grew out of what went before," or are we entitled to look for ideas and practices created by the personalities at work? Unless one of these assumptions is clearly true the world of culture must be divided into two camps each of which will necessarily accuse the other of dishonesty.

W. E. Brown.

Glasgow, Scotland.



The story of Sir Francis Radnor who sacrificed his Gods to his passions.

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER. By Sigrid Undset. *Knopf.*

A PREFACE TO MORALS. By Walter Lippmann. *Macmillan.*

FIREHEAD. By Lola Ridge. *Harcourt, Brace.*

Leading Foreign Writers

"Is there any way," asks R. S. G. of Birmingham, Ala., *"of knowing from one year to the next the date of the Nobel Prize awards? And will you be kind enough to tell me who in your estimation are the leading contemporary novelists in France, Italy, Russia, and Ireland?"*

SENTIMENT has dictated the date on on which the Nobel Prize awards are made, for the official announcement is fixed for Founder's Day, December tenth, the anniversary of the death of the donor. As a matter of fact the selections are usually common property as early as November, but are not actually proclaimed until the following month.

"Contemporary" is a more or less elastic word and I don't quite know whether R. S. G. is using it to mean of the minute or applying it to those writers who have been making literature during the past few years. I am construing it in the case of France to include a writer who died as long ago as 1922 and in that of Ireland one who lived as recently as last year. But with the exception of a few I have selected the names of only living authors in answer to R. S. G.'s inquiry as to the most eminent novelists and dramatists of France, Italy, Russia, and Ireland.

Bernard Shaw, I suppose, would be classed with English dramatists rather than Irish despite the fact that he is a son of Erin by birth, and yet surely his name should go down on this list. With it would appear the names of Lady Gregory, and Synge, both dead, who had so much to do with the development of interest in the Irish stage, and W. B. Yeats, still happily living, and just now publishing another volume of recollections entitled DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (Macmillan); St. John Ervine, whose plays have had enormous success in America as well as in England and who is no less well known as dramatic critic than as dramatist; Lennox Robinson, Sean O'Casey, whose WITHIN THE GATES held the stage so successfully in New York a year ago, and Liam O'Flaherty. The last named is also one of the Irish novelists to be reckoned with, as is, too, Sean O'Faolin, whose NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK (Viking) won enthusiastic plaudits from the critics. Then, too, among Irish writers is that brace of novelists who have delighted lovers of sport, Somerville and Ross; George O. Birmingham, and Peadar O'Donnell. Joyce, of course, takes first rank among the novelists not only because of his own work but because of his influence upon writers of other lands.

Italy has long had one outstanding name in both fiction and drama, Gabriele d'Annunzio, stormy petrel of both literature and politics for years. Signor d'Annunzio is at present reported very ill, but not long since he was making fiery pronouncements for his country. Pirandello sprang to fame in this country with his SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR, and his plays have been read with attention since, even if few have been produced on the American stage. He passed through New York some months ago on his way to Hollywood, a courteous, scholarly gentleman, vivacious in discussion of his theories and full of interesting ideas as to the possibilities and future of the screen. As to general fiction in Italy little of the contemporary work has found translation into English. Perhaps the outstanding representative of the novel to have been given an English version is Grazia Deledda, whose popularity in her own country has been comparable with that of the best-seller women novelists of our own. Her MOTHER was issued some years ago by Macmillan. An Italian novel, needless to say written in exile, since it is violently anti-fascist, is Silone's FONTAMARA, which won much acclaim here in English translation, and is now being presented in dramatic version on the stage.

It is impossible to write of contemporary French literature without mentioning Proust, though he has been dead now for some years, since his A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU is ranked by some competent critics as the major work of our time. At the moment Jules Romains, whose monumental MEN OF GOOD WILL (Knopf) is appearing volume by volume in the English translation, is the most vigorous figure in French fiction, Romain Rolland having somewhat slipped into the background. André Gide and Duhamel also play an important part. Among dramatists the outstanding names are those of Paul Claudel, Brieux, and, of course, Maeterlinck, who, though Belgian, since his work is written in French really deserves place with the French dramatists.

Since the Soviet Revolution Russian drama has been so largely propagandist in nature as to have produced no dramatist of note, at least none whose works have reached the foreign public. Merejkowski, Gorky, Alexei Tolstoy, whose DARKNESS AND DAWN (Longmans, Green) has just appeared over here, Bunin, Ilya Ehrenbourg, and Mikhail Sholokhov, author of AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON (Knopf) are the leading contemporary novelists. On the whole the most important works have dealt with the cataclysm that overthrew autocratic government or have presented in part at least a picture of events just before the Revolution.

The Outstanding American Novel

WINNER
PULITZER PRIZE
1936

Honey in the Horn

BY H. L. DAVIS

HARPERS

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The Compleat Collector

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Twenty-Four Conversations

LANDOR: IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. New York. 1936.

TO reprint Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" is, one must presume, a matter of curiosity as to modern taste. As the introduction by Mr. R. H. Boothroyd points out, Landor "never attempted nor desired to be a popular writer." With that fact in mind a selection of only twenty-four, out of the total of nearly one hundred and fifty Conversations which Landor wrote, is here offered the modern reader, with a brief but excellent biographical and bibliographical and critical introduction.

The format of the book is a large octavo, printed by Hans Mardersteig at the Officina Bodoni in Parma. The type is a new font, designed by Mr. Mardersteig, which possesses a good deal of character without being at all obvious. It is a face somewhat resembling Baskerville's, but with some gaiety in the italic. The pages lack running heads, which I think a mistake, but each chapter heading is enclosed in a different border. These borders possess variety, but are hardly good enough. Of the presswork and paper there can be no criticism. The binding is very fine. A printed cloth, delightful in pattern and color, gives a rugged appearance which is desirable in a book cover.

Winter and Spring Styles

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. A collection of his works from the library of Bacon Callamore. Hartford. 1936.

This is an unusually interesting bibliographical work. It sets out to stimulate the reader's interest in Robinson by listing his works wherever they have appeared, giving sufficient details of the books to serve as bibliography, and adding a considerable amount of explanatory matter (much of it from letters of Robinson to the collector whose books furnished the basis for the present volume). Such a method makes good reading of what must otherwise be a book of reference. I have no way of checking the accuracy of the work, but I do know it is a book of the kind seldom met with—an intimate record of a great poet, related in guise of a catalogue!

The printing, by Edward B. Thompson at Hawthorn House, Windham, Connecticut, is, it happens, as reserved and meticulous as Robinson's poetry. The combination is perfect. The fortunate possessors of the book (which is not for sale) will cherish it.

A Miscellany of Recent Books

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM, Poe's tale, is issued by William R. Scott, New York, as number one of the new "American Renaissance Series," at one dollar. It is delightfully printed at the Powgen Press, on gray paper, illustrated in color by Charles McCurdy, and properly bound in cloth with paper label. Not so big as other books at the price, but more attractive.

1601, Mark Twain's idea of Queen Elizabeth's conversation in her more relaxed moments, appears again, this time from the Black Cat Press. Mr. Irvin Haas's notes and check-list of editions gives real value to the book—he lists twenty-two such printings.

A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY is a new edition of Muzzey's well known school history, issued by Ginn & Co. in their usual competent text book style. The maps are especially satisfactory, being clarified of all unnecessary material and drawn clearly. Color register is especially good for American map-printing, and the half-tone pictures are well handled.

SALOMÉ, Oscar Wilde's play, appears in new form from the Walpole Printing Office,—a small quarto, set in a sanserif roman. Competently handled, as would be expected. From the same press comes

SATIRES AND HOAXES OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a diminutive folio on gray paper, in Janson type, and with decorations by Herb Roth. A pleasing and definitive printing of these pleasantries.

Shakespeariana

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

The A. B. A. Convention

EXISTING literary prizes have long created much discussion in the Trade; sometimes the honors given by various eminent judges have been heartily approved; sometimes they have caused considerable astonishment. The bookseller himself, after all, is the main channel through which authors reach the public, and a year ago the A.B.A. decided to make some awards of its own. As we reported here some time ago, the four divisions in which the Trade classified its approval were these:—

1. The Most Distinguished Novel.
2. The Most Original Novel.
3. The Most Distinguished Biography.
4. The Most Distinguished General Non-Fiction.

☞A great deal of pains was taken to ensure that the vote would really represent the tastes of the Trade at large. Ballots were sent to all bookstores and the booksellers were particularly requested to consult the opinion of their whole staffs. The results may truly be said to list books that the Trade itself delights to honor. The result of the vote was announced at the Booksellers' Convention lunch on Monday. The results were:

1. *Time Out of Mind,* by Rachel Field (Macmillan).
2. *The Circus of Dr. Lao,* by Charles G. Finney (Viking).
3. *Personal History,* by Vincent Sheean (Doubleday).
4. *North to the Orient,* by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt).

☞The four tomes chosen as winners came in for a flood of hearty approval by a luncheon group—not only record-breaking in attendance, but generating smooth elbow rhythm in performing mayhem on the multiple steaks and the nut-peppered ices. Convention attendance set a new high for the past seven years. California, Texas and Maine representatives mingled enthusiastically with Mid-West and Southern members. Featuring this year's convention was the re-introduction of Round Table discussion under the experienced leadership of Louise Crittendon, New York City; Robert C. Saltmarsh, New Bedford, Mass.; and Marion E. Dodd, Northampton, Mass.

☞Sunday—registration day—started off with a bang. Viking Press ripped off entertainment in the form of circus acts with the famous Dexter Fellows as star. Baker & Taylor went to town and turned their space into a movie theatre and showed the movies of long ago when Bill Hart rode horses and Mary Pickford wore curls. The Abbé Kids who just had their first book published—*Around the World in Eleven Years*—came up and niftied with the book peddlers.

☞Price maintenance and best-seller lists were the two questions that held the floor of the A. B. A. convention business meeting Monday afternoon. Unlike last year, when the Supreme Court decision threw out the booksellers' N.R.A. code on the afternoon of the convention, the situation this year was quieter. N. Y. State Senator Jacob H. Livingston spoke in behalf of his price-maintenance bill now before the Legislature, which he said he did not expect to pass until next year. This bill provides for a retail licensing system (fees $2 to $100) and for no resale of merchandise below cost plus overhead. Speaking of loss leaders, Senator Livingston said, "Fish are never charged for bait, but they're never pleased with it either." Morris L. Ernst, speaking on "The Future of Fair Trade Legislation," pointed out that the Feld-Crawford Act has not been declared unconstitutional (the court decision involved a specific interpretation), that it can still operate if publishers (a) provide that price maintenance on resale extends all the way to the ultimate consumer, and (b) if *all* the publisher's sales are made under Feld-Crawford contracts.

☞President Ted McCawley of the A. B. A. discussed the association's corporate set-up and financing, then introduced the subject of best-seller lists, which he said "ought to be declared unconstitutional." Marion Dodd and Lewis B. Traver continued the discussion on behalf of the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers. Points: best-seller lists are inaccurate, they put too much emphasis on too few books, shorten the life of books, prevent sales of worthy titles not on the lists. One member said that he can't sell best-sellers in his shop, because as soon as a book gets on the best-seller list, a competitor cuts the price. Members do not want to lose the advertising value of best-seller lists, but want to find a means of supplementing them. ☞Quercus suggests that selling and promoting the SRL would be the answer. (Of course booksellers would make a profit on this, which would probably rule it out.)

☞Officers elected: Lewis B. Traver of Trenton, President; Ernest Eisele, Treasurer; Marion E. Dodd of Northampton, Secretary. Directors: E. S. McCawley, Frank Magel, A. B. Carhart, R. E. Saltmarsh, and Terence Holliday.

☞Dinner Monday closed the convention with Sinclair Lewis as the only speaker of the evening; we print the gist of what he said on the following page.

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 111)

JOHN BUNYAN—"GRACE ABOUNDING."

The beasts, birds, fishes, etc., I blessed their condition; they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God; they were not to go to hell-fire after death. I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been as any of theirs.

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Enemies of the Book

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

The following is a condensation of Mr. Lewis's address at the Annual Dinner of the American Booksellers' Association, New York, May 11, 1936.

I SPEAK of my fellow-booksellers, and by that I mean the whole lot of us. In this one guild I include all authors; all publishing-house workers; all book-dealers; all librarians; all reviewers; all book printers and binders and paper-dealers; all wholesale distributors; and all literary agents who can read and write.

Merchants?—yes, we are merchants, as other men are soap merchants or soup merchants or steel-rail merchants. But what unites us as those men can never be united is a superior pride in our product. I have known plenty of booksellers, plenty of booktravellers, who could have made much more money out of this or that lively modern racket, but they went on expounding the gospel of books because they liked to handle the confounded things! They believed that books can be more amusing than any musical show, more exciting than any melodrama on the screen, and they believed and still believe that more than any codified religion do books preserve against a troubled, half-mad world the treasures of learning and the aspirations of the human soul.

This sense of solidarity among all manner of booksellers, of which I have hinted as already existing yet certainly subject to great increase, is particularly necessary now, when there are so many enemies of the book; so many factors to reduce the sale of books that sometimes one wonders whether our allied trades are not going out completely, along with the manufacture of bustles and buggy-whips. This I do not believe. I do not believe that anything will altogether supplant the old-fashioned printed book, which has changed so very little since Gutenberg finished printing the first book, a Bible, back in 1455.

But there is a change, and that change is in a much greater selectivity on the part of a majority of readers, so that perhaps we shall continue the past decade's process of writing fewer and better books and, alas, selling fewer and better books, and having to know vastly more and work a lot harder to write or sell books.

I don't know what future historians will say about it, but I suspect that if any of them shall be discerning enough, they will assert that the most important event of the last three or four years in America has not been the New Deal or the Bruno Hauptmann case or the trans-Pacific flights, but the continued sale, as best-sellers of best-sellers, of "Anthony Adverse," "Europa," and now, "The Last Puritan"—books which have given my own books plenty of grief, and which I admire fervently. Not one of these is what we would have considered, in my days in publishing houses, twenty years ago, as having a chance for a sale of even twenty-five hundred copies. They are infernally long, so closely woven that one cannot skip, and free equally of salaciousness on the one hand and of prejudice-tickling hypocrisy on the other. They are not merely civilized books, but books that demand in the reader a knowledge of the world before he can swallow them.

It is obvious that people listen to the radio and go to the motion pictures instead of reading books. But there are plenty of other Cossacks on our trail: the automobile, which takes millions away from home and the bookshelf on bland evenings; the incredible vogue of bridge; the increasing number of night clubs in cities and roadhouses in the country; the new fashion of winter cruises on which the victims we so cannily stalked take what we fondly viewed as their book-money and go off to Bermuda or Trinidad; and the magazines—not such magazines as *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, which encourage book-reading, but the welter of cheap pulps which offer two dollars' worth of paradise for fifteen cents. And we must remember that increasingly the modern home has less space for books.

Probably, as a remedy for the reduced sale of books, we have not yet developed all possible new outlets. I am sure that more could be done by stores in the way of sending out books on approval to old customers whose tastes the store knows thoroughly; more done with the sale of books to summer hotels and camps. The book caravan, beloved of Chris Morley, has not yet been particularly successful, but it might be if it made regular scheduled rounds and were more advertised.

It may be that we are all—book-dealers, writers, publishers—in permanently for smaller profits. But even if this should be so, there is one merit in the situation. It means that we belong to a profession which must become increasingly skilled; that writers will not find so easy a living out of "just dashing off a little story," and that book-dealers can less and less afford to give the hospitality of their shelves to any anemic romance.

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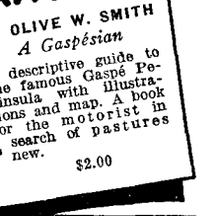

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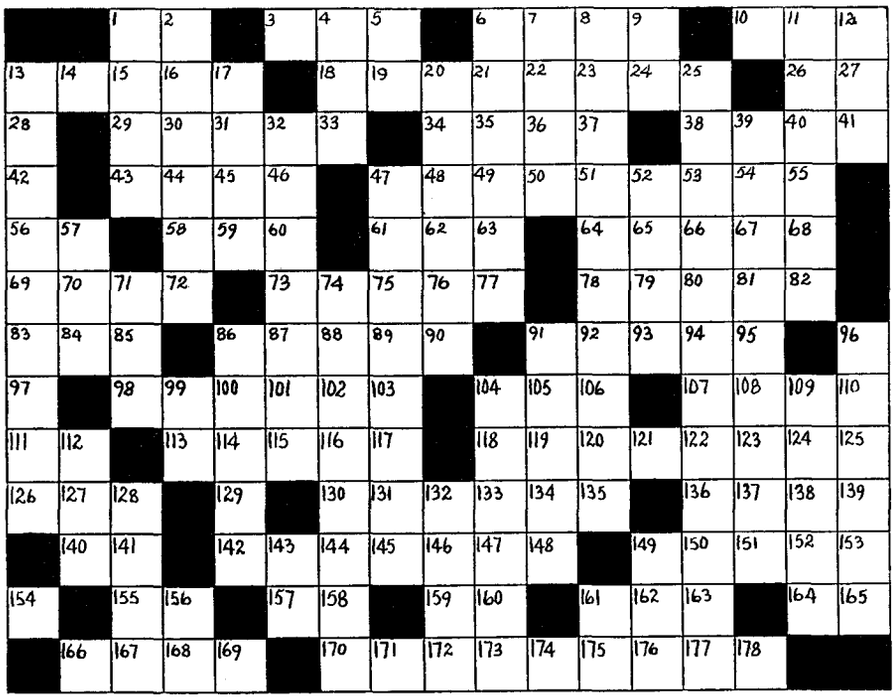
Double-Crostics: No. 112

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Buffoon.

II. English novelist (1882—).

III. The devil (Moslem).

IV. To soften, make tender.

V. Russian composer (1865-1936).

VI. Prone to agitated feelings.

VII. Disordered.

VIII. Escort.

IX. Greek shepherdess.

X. Embarrassed.

XI. Straight, in order (comp.).

XII. Poem by Poe.

XIII. Unfashionable.

XIV. Purely intellectual apprehension (phil.).

XV. Aborigines of Africa.

XVI. To deduce, disentangle.

XVII. Paucity.

XVIII. Stiffly unapproachable (colloq.).

XIX. Popular 19th Century dance.

XX. A piano exercise.

XXI. African guenon monkey.

XXII. Harbor for Solomon's Ophir ships.

XXIII. Bent backward or downward.

XXIV. Russian ballet producer.

XXV. Wanting in merit value.

XXVI. A good-for-nothing (comp.).

WORDS

102 159 36 78

43 65 165 91 10

72 6 110 131 95

89 160 33 76 119 44 41 129 96 150

37 28 70 14 115 53 63 57 104

79 152 49 86 171 75 112

154 145 81 4 60 17 40 120

66 138 69 46 116

173 3 67 105 94

20 126 26 149 1 135 146

164 97 23 121 73 87 38 172

15 122 106 22 85 158 136

174 118 107 148 156 5 88 163

77 56 176 117 30 82

157 124 51 32 58 109 9

100 93 114 134 111 127

142 101 108 19 42 166 139

35 141 169 162 25 48

45 167 128 83 21 52

12 47 18 170 144

175 8 143 71 153 133

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99 2 132 177 140 11 55 24

68 92 80 31 62 74 168 13 84 98

50 29 61 147 90 123 113 178

16 103 151 125 54 137 64 59 34 27

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

SUBLET June 1-October 1. $85. Charming four room garden apartment, Greenwich Village. Near all subways and buses. Box 170-B.

VACATION as guests of "nouveaux pauvres" in delightful old farm-house (completely and comfortably modernized) on island in Casco Bay. Eggs, milk, vegetables home grown. Private bathing beach, walking, croquet, golf, boating, fishing. Rates surprisingly reasonable, especially June and September. "Sea Meadows," Cousins Island, Maine.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. *Kindly give name, age, and favorite* interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing. $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

WANTED. Furnished summer home, simple, comfortable, unusual, off beaten track, privacy, not isolation. Tennis, golf, swimming within reach, about one hundred miles from New York. Four bedrooms, two maids' rooms, three baths. All good beds, moderate rent. Can guarantee perfect care of everything. Give full details, photos, plans. Box 288-B.

BOARDING SCHOOL offers several scholarships to promising boys between ages eleven and twelve. Box 289-B.

HAVE YOU POSITION for cataloger, university library experience, July 1 or after? Box 290-B.

WOULD YOU SUBLET your New York apartment and treasured possessions September 15-May 1 to discriminating young woman college instructor? Last lap of Ph.D. Box 291-B.

YOUNG MAN, 23, college graduate, intelligent, refined, pleasant appearance, wishes employment starting June 15, preferably though not necessarily outside city. Excellent driver. Any offers. Box 292-B.

GIRL, 25, desires change. Companion-daughter or secretary in cultured, healthful environment. Modest remuneration. Interested books, music, outdoors, travel. Chicagoan.

MONOTONY MEANS MADNESS — Might mature man mitigate my monomania? Mournful Maggie.

SALMON FALLS, ME.—$250 season. Completely furnished 8-room cottage. Modern improvements. Easy access to shore and mountains. Excellent community. Address Box 92, Bar Mills, Me.

TOM: You're dancing like a streak since you took the marvelous new Mail Order Course. It's a sensation. Single Charts in the Foxtrot, Waltz, Tango, or Rumba, $.25. Sets of ten steps in any one dance $2.00. Hand-colored and clever. Sample Chart Free. Donald Sawyer Dance Studios, 637 Madison Ave., New York City.

CAMDEN AND ROCKPORT, Maine Sea Coast Towns, offer all that is desirable to the summer resident. Rentals $350 to $3000 for season. Shore and Country Real Estate. References requested. The Goose River Real Estate Exchange, 60 Russell Avenue, Rockport, Maine.

WOMAN of pleasing personality, cultured, educated, desires companionship with elderly gentleman of refinement, interesting conversationalist. Box 284-B.

CHARMING OLD STONE FARMHOUSE, in Jersey hills, 60 miles New York, 900 feet elevation, brook, orchard, swimming pool, ideal for children, $150 summer; studio barn $50 extra. Box 318B.

FOR RENT, furnished. Small convenient apartment, Tudor City, June-September. Living-room, 2 bedrooms, kitchenette. Quiet. Park view. Box 279-B.

FOR RENT from May 1st to November 1st, 8-room house, fully furnished, moderate rent. Overlooking Hudson, five-minute walk from village. Can be seen by appointment. F. W. Stelle, 22 Croton Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

GENTLEMAN, gentile, 29, wishes to be paying guest in Westchester home during summer months. Congenial, sense of humor, likes tennis, music, theater. Box 299-B.

AMERICAN, healthy, personable, forty, medical degree, business training and experience, typist, playwright, musical, wants association with writer, musician or traveler as secretary-companion. Small salary for chance to pursue music and writing. Box 298-B.

ENVIRONMENT—Little community of best cross-section middle class Americans has few more houses available for applicants who can qualify socially. Prices moderate, cash required small—write for prospectus. Box 300-B.

WESTBOURNE FARM, near Peterborough, N. H. 64 acres, high land, good view. Will take 2 or 3 paying guests from May till October for periods not less than two weeks. Rates moderate. No extras. Includes afternoon tea and fires in rooms. References exchanged. Address as above. F. B. Greene.

YOUR PROBLEM CHILD cared for and studied in a country home, by an old-fashioned Mother. Best conditions for physical and mental development. Personal interview required. Write or telephone for appointment. Mrs. W. E. Burnham, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

GRADUATE NURSE, highly refined, unusual ability, home economics, creating beauty and happiness. Full charge supervising home of elderly person. Box 285-B.

EARN MONEY WITH POETRY. I show many practical methods. ROMATKA, 25 W. 3rd Street, New York.

WOULD A DIRECTOR of good summer theatre like, for sharing production joys and headaches, an assistant: actress, directing, technical experience; un-dictatorial, thirties, cultured, attractive; finish, humor? Box 295-B.

WRITER wants cheap summer accommodations far from madding throng. Will share with same, female. Box 296-B.

ENGLISH PROFESSOR, Oxford graduate, available after August. Instructor, lecturer, reviewer, advertiser, travel guide. Highest references. Box 248-B.

WRITER, responsible, wants cheap summer place. LLOYD.

EAST 62nd STREET: Furnished or unfurnished duplex apartment in private house, quiet, six rooms, 2 baths; fireplace, frigidaire, roof. REgent 4-4306.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY PACKET. Four rhymed, pamphlet plays that click with young actors and their audiences. ($1.25) Furrow, 115 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL, business, Christian men and women, wanting to maintain accustomed high living standard at very low cash outlay, should investigate Young People's Cooperative Residence. Work spare time and pay $4.75 up exchange room, board, sports. Cooperative Lodge, 229 West 48th, New York.

WILL SUBLET for summer nice, small apartment. Four rooms; two single beds; garden views; well lighted, cool, comfortable, quiet; three exposures, open; all conveniences; library 1500 good books; antique furnishings. Excellent transportation facilities. Spotless house in East Seventies near Park Avenue. Suitable for single person or small family. The right sort of tenant may have it for $2 per day, or less. References. Phone RHinelander 4-0619 or A. E.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—For rent: Furnished old Cape Cod house, bath, electricity, 2-car garage. Near swimming, sailing, golf, tennis. A. W., 190 Bay State Rd., Boston, Massachusetts.

RENT OR SALE—Furnished cottage, Little Diamond Island, Maine, 8 rooms, fireplace, bath, electricity. Sebago water. Twenty minutes from Portland. Excellent boat service. References. Allan P. Stevens, Gorham 3, Maine.

NOEL AND ARNOLD. Don't worry about me. It's Dad that needs watching. He won't tell me his plans for June 26th. MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.

CONNOISSEURS, GOURMETS, people who know coffee . . . famous blend, rich, winey taste, unforgettable aroma. Not available in stores. Send one dollar for 3 lbs. Postpaid within 500 miles, beyond add 15c. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

I WILL TRY to help any one who is sincerely searching for God to find Him; no charges. Box 966-A.

FOR SALE: Adirondack Island, nine acres, 3 hours from Utica. On Beaver Lake, near Fenton House, Number Four, Lewis County. Bungalow, five bedrooms, bath, large living room, kitchen. Open camp, ice house, woodshed. Furniture and boats included. $5,000. Easy terms. Address: Box 302-B.

BADLY NEEDED for the summer—cabin by the sea, preferably on an island, anywhere from Maine to Georgia. Roughing it immaterial, but sufficient solitude for resorting ideas in a jittery world, necessary. Who makes the lowest bid? Box 303-B.

YOUNG, RESPONSIBLE Chicagoan seeks board and lodging with young couple, South Side. Box 304-B.

D'OYLY CARTERS! Do you remember "Pirates" at the Martin Beck, and Ruth, mellifluously dolorous? Do you want to see and hear her again? Send a card to Box 305-B.

EX-GRAD. STUDENT, 22, wishes the world were waiting, is sure it isn't, but nevertheless searches hopefully for any job where she can "work with a will." Box 306-B.

GHOST WRITER can take on one more client; will also do any kind of research. Box 308-B.

WHO NEEDS A GENTLE AROUSER of new interests, by one who is creative, imaginative, and optimistic, with uncommonly fine ancestral background? She can give experienced aid in fine art, applied art, interior decoration, needlecraft, gardening, domesticities, and culinary art. Box 309-B.

YOUNG LADY OF MANHATTAN—middle thirties—would like to exchange ideas on books, plays, and the passing scene. Box 310-B.

ENERGETIC BOOKWORM desires work in bookshop anywhere in America. Stenographic training and experience. Box 311-B.

AL L.—YES, I'LL WRITE! Ideas coincide. Your big move next! Phila. Daughter. Box 142-B.

THEATRICAL MAN preparing two Broadway productions for Summer and Fall presentation offers percentage of play in exchange for dignified office and facilities, midtown area north of Grand Central. Box 313-B.

AMATEUR ARTISTS, craftsmen, to join congenial group. Box 317-B.

THE PUGET SOUNDER is within an eyelash of going over big! One more thousand will do it. If you want a romantic, safe investment, write for details of this exciting monthly published and edited by The Burns, 1421 Cornwall, Bellingham, Washington.

WANTED: The services of man or woman—appearance immaterial—who can write English for literary service and has experience in getting a book together. Address Doctor, c/o Saturday Review.

THROUGH FLOOR. Housekeeping apartment, three rooms, third floor, remodeled house on Twelfth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, available on sublease, furnished or unfurnished, to responsible adults. $70 monthly until September 15. Delightful apartment overlooking garden. Phone CHickering 4-6953 between 9 and 6.

TO SUBLET: Attractively furnished 3-room apartment. Cool in summer. 71 Washington Square. See Manager.

FOR RENT: seven-room furnished apartment, Riverside Drive near Columbia. June, July, August. Rent $100. Beautiful view. Box 315-B.

WANTED: Plaubel Makina camera and accessories. State age, condition and price. Box 316-B.

TEACHING POSITION WANTED for September by 30-ish feminine M.A. in literature who, three years ago, resigned from large Jersey system to write. Five years' experience. Excellent references. Modest salary acceptable. Box 312-B.

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